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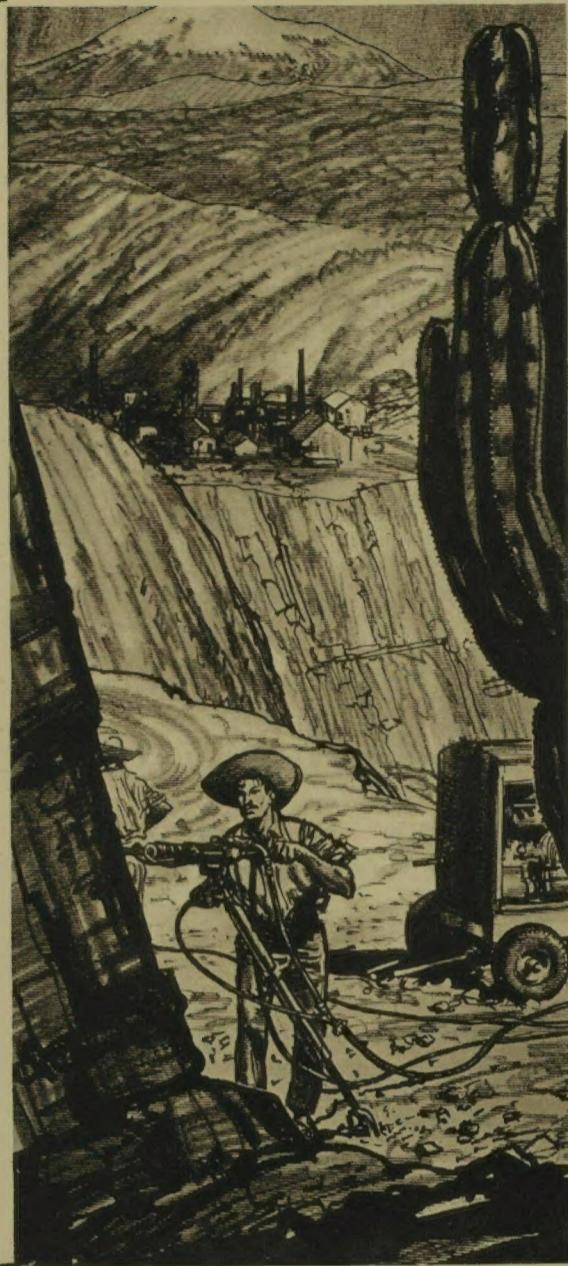
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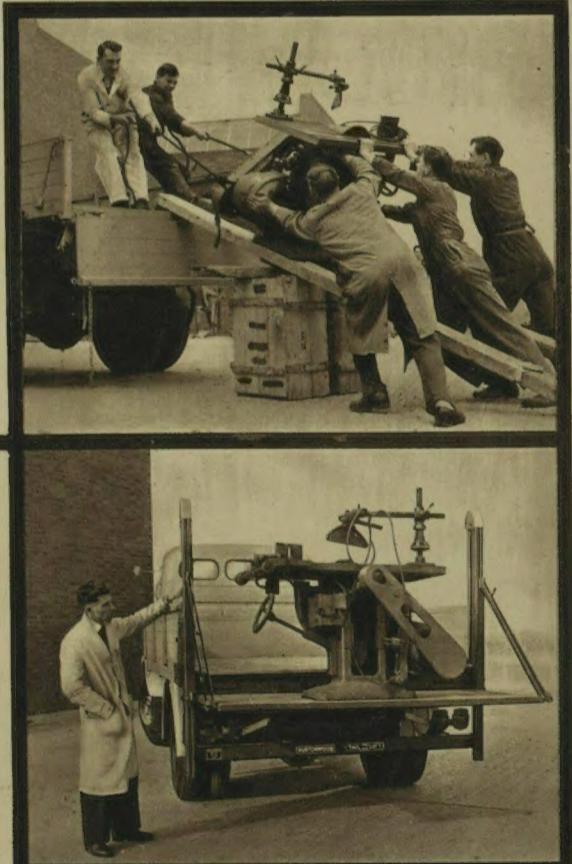
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If you want a thing done well...

"FOUNDATION STONES" my old grandfather used to say, "are a great mistake". They were, in his view, almost invariably laid by the wrong sort of people and usually in the wrong sort of places.

Stonemasons, however, he approved of; in fact craftsmen of all kinds - "if you want a thing done well, don't do it yourself, send for a craftsman" was another of his defiant sayings. This, however, did not prevent him practising a succession of crafts as gentlemanly hobbies, among them glass-blowing (mostly wall-thermometers) and the carving of oriental temples, in ebony or ivory, for hanging gold watches in by the bedside.

John Lethbridge the local stone-cutter was a favourite of

his and he often offered John the money to set himself up as a monumental mason; an unlikely project since neither of them had a head for business. 'Young Jack' Lethbridge, the son, did eventually set up - as a roadwork contractor. But by that time there was a branch of Lloyds Bank in the village and it was the Bank that enabled him to get off to a good start.

Lethbridge's is a big firm now and employs people from miles around. The village has grown into a town, and the present Manager of the Bank was telling me that he has, well, perhaps I had better not reveal how many local businesses on his books, to say nothing of his brigade (he's very T.A.) of private customers which I gather includes a platoon or two of the skilled men at Lethbridge's.

J.M.



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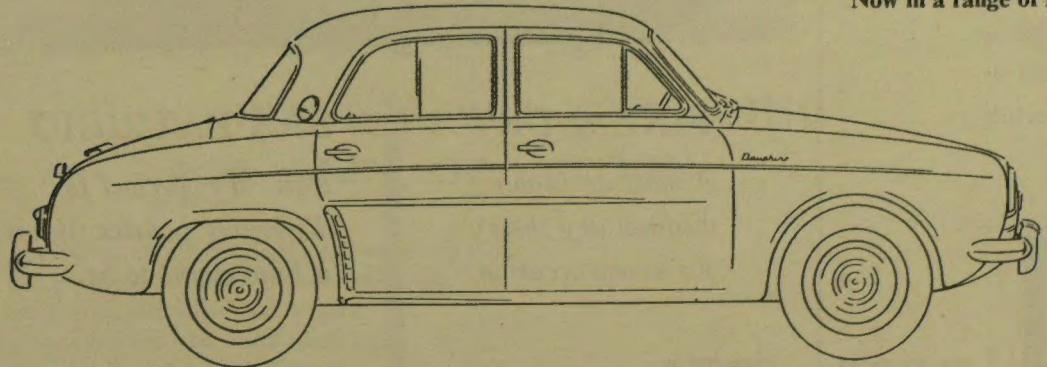
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A man shops



To a man, shopping isn't an excuse for a day's outing. At best, it is a pleasant necessity that has to be dealt with quickly, economically and with the minimum of fuss. He wants a good selection, a helpful assistant and his size in stock—just a few of the reasons why he shops at Harrods Man's Shop.

Shoes, for instance, made from the finest materials, are available in numerous good-looking styles and at pace-setting prices. Harrods popular standard shoe, at £4. 12. 6, comes in no fewer than 17 sizes with three fittings to each, and can be had as a brogue, half brogue or Oxford.

at the Man's Shop

at
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NEW power-plus 'Rallymaster' engine to give you sparkling performance allied to surprising economy and steadfast reliability. Now 1½ litres . . . twin carburettors . . . compression increased to 8.5 . . . larger valves . . . higher torque. All new features . . . but tested and proved in the toughest competitions.

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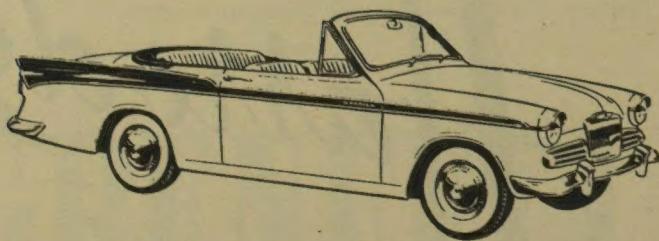
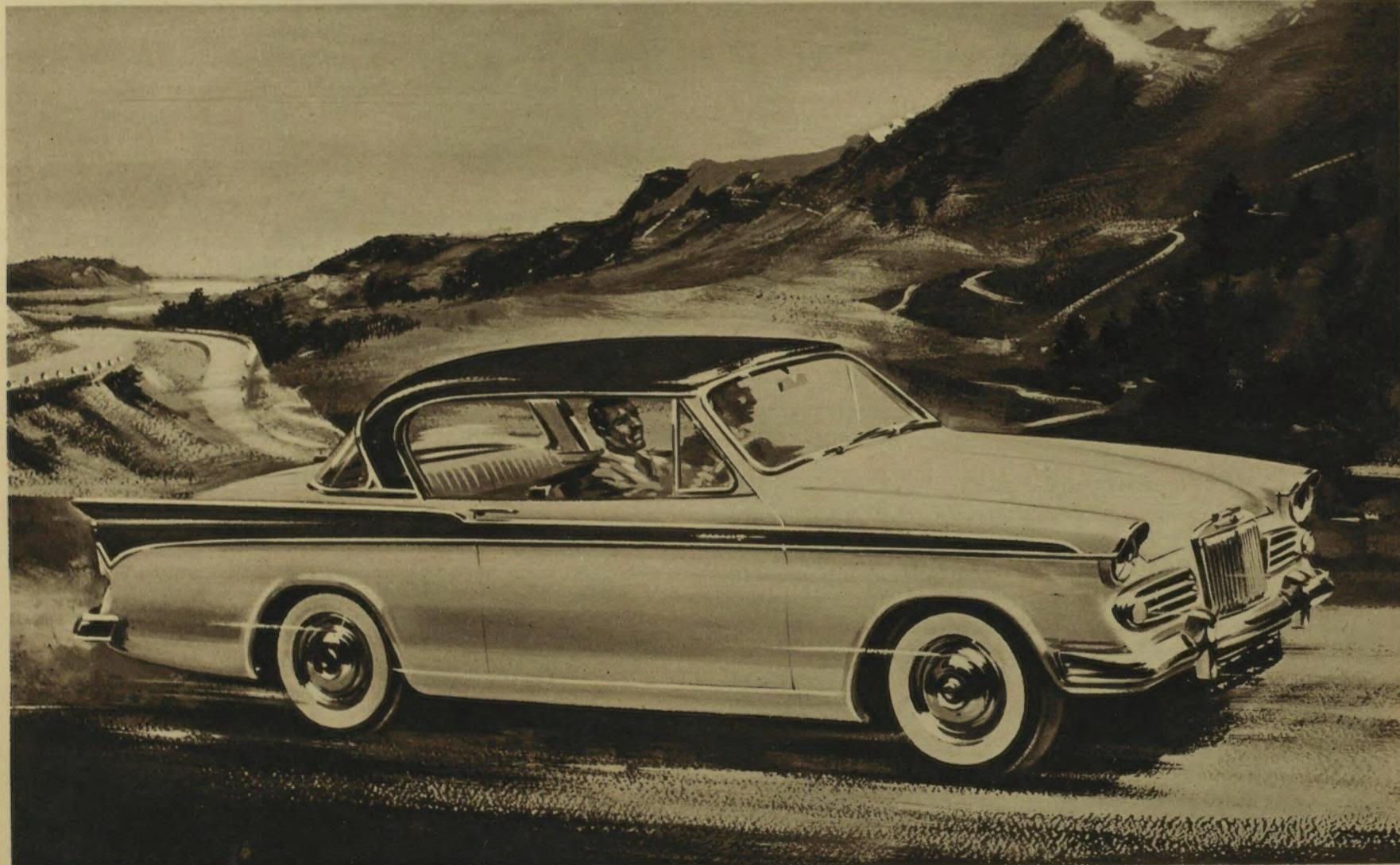
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1958.



COLUMBIA'S VICTORY IN THE FIRST OF THE AMERICA'S CUP RACES: THE DEFENDER (LEFT) AND SCEPTRE JUST BEFORE THE START.

In the first of the series of races for the America's Cup, which was held off Rhode Island on September 20, *Columbia*, the American defender, beat *Sceptre* to the finish by 7 mins. 44 secs. The course was 24 miles in length and at the finish, after 5 hrs. 13 mins. and 50 secs. of racing, *Columbia* was three-quarters of a mile ahead of the Royal Yacht Squadron's challenger. Although the first race ended in a decisive defeat for *Sceptre*, there was some consolation for those who supported the British yacht in the fact that the

race took place in a light, variable wind, and it was hoped that *Sceptre* would be able to compete more successfully in stronger winds. A large number of people watched the race from a fleet of about a thousand spectator craft, ranging from sailing dinghies to a destroyer and an Atlantic passenger liner. Overhead there were a number of aircraft and an airship. President Eisenhower watched the start of the race from the destroyer *Mitscher*, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was also present, in a smaller craft.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE other day I read a paragraph in a newspaper saying that the Metropolitan Police were confronted by a mystery, that of two murders in Hyde Park in the past six months for both of which they were completely unable to account. If this statement be true—and a good deal of what appears in the popular Press isn't—I can help to throw a little light on the mystery! I did not commit either of the murders, nor did I witness them. But I walk in Hyde Park nearly every day when I am in London, for it is only a stone's-throw from the desk where I write, and am increasingly struck by the apparent absence of anyone, policeman or park-keeper, to prevent the commission of any kind of crime or assault, from murder downwards. This is curious, because in the days of my youth—when I was more inclined to defy the law than I am to-day—it was impossible to commit even the smallest offence, like walking on the grass of the fenced enclosures or climbing trees, without immediately finding oneself under the eye, and heavy hand, of Authority. And it is also curious, because I doubt if the evidences of the presence of police in Hyde Park have ever been as marked as they are to-day. If one walks along the northern edge of the Serpentine or, on a summer's day, sits for half an hour by the bandstand, near Hyde Park Corner, one will see dozens of policemen. But they are not on majestic beat, with the tread of large, imposing feet striking terror into the heart of would-be malefactors of all ages as they pass by, but are sitting in coveys in low, fast motor-cars or riding motor-bicycles, usually at a speed somewhat in excess of that permitted by the Park authorities. In fact, the middle and formerly quiet centre of Hyde Park has become a hive of motorised constabulary whose rapid comings and goings—often, to save time, along the footpaths—almost match the inferno of speeding and parking traffic which has now been allowed to invade the Park's circumference. But though their presence is apparent to all, few of them seem to be concerned with what is going on in the Park itself. Their eyes, like that of all fast-travelling motorists, seem glazed to distant horizons on which, doubtless, their minds are also set, and they only appear to notice the pedestrians frequenting the Park if the latter injudiciously get in their way. One assumes, from the pace at which they are moving and the explosive noise and clatter that attends their passing, that they are on missions of the utmost urgency and importance, in pursuit, it is to be hoped, of dangerous criminals speeding in cars through crowded suburban thoroughfares after some daring bank robbery or pay-packet hold-up. In the meantime, less ambitious and showy criminals who prefer to pursue their nefarious activities on foot are apparently free to commit murders and bludgeonings, pick pockets, scatter litter, mutilate little trees and ride bicycles on the footpaths without anyone in authority so much as noticing them! As for motorists, they also are left free to drive through her Majesty's Park at whatever speed they please, in defiance of the regulations so minutely printed on the notice-boards at the entrances thereto. A day seldom passes when I am in London when I do not have to run for it, so, though a motorist myself of more than forty years' standing, I speak on the subject with feeling.

All this, of course, is merely one facet of a problem that is increasingly worrying public and police alike—the growing incidence of crime, and particularly of crimes of violence in this traditionally law-abiding land. It is aggravated by, and closely allied to, the fact that the police, both in London and the provinces, are dangerously

under strength and that a great part of their inadequate force is being employed in controlling traffic and trying to cope with the motoring public's now almost universal disregard of the Law; for to-day nearly everyone in control of a car seems to consider that he is entitled to leave it anywhere he likes so long as he is not actually under the eye of a policeman when he does so. In fact, I hold the unpopular view that motorists are unconsciously doing more injury to the ideal of the Rule of Law and the habit of respect for it than even our much-publicised *Teddy-boys*; they certainly kill and injure more people. The pace at which they drive in cities and built-up areas and the disregard for the rights of others with which they block the passage of the streets

contend with such crimes the police themselves have to take to the road and travel at high speeds—the explanation of the paradox of Hyde Park's simultaneous policefulness and policelessness to which I have referred. Yet just as I believe that in battle the infantryman will always be the ultimate arbiter, so I also believe that, in the preservation of law, the prevention of crime and the protection of the subject, the policeman on the beat is the most potent instrument of all and will always have the last word. If he is lacking, the Law will always be flouted and the breaker of Law triumph. I have lately been strengthened in this belief by an anonymous letter in a Sunday newspaper written, it would seem, by a policeman, pointing out that, though the man on the beat is the chief bulwark against crime, the whole tendency of modern police administration is to weaken the beat at the expense of other forms of police activity.

All recruits start on the beat, but they soon learn that to get on in the service they have to get off the beat. Get in an office, get in the C.I.D., get in a traffic car and you will improve your chances of promotion by 100 per cent. Is this the way to treat the man who allegedly is doing the most important job in the service?

Crime will sometimes be detected by policemen in cars, calls for help can certainly be attended quicker by patrol cars, but precious little crime will ever be prevented by men patrolling in cars. Yet Chief Constables all over the country are coaxing more money from tight-fisted Watch Committees, to buy more patrol cars and vans, to take more men off the beat, arguing that this outlay will help to make up for the shortage of men.

"It is often a source of wonder to the police," the writer continued, "that such requests are usually granted, whereas requests for more pay are not."* With this I whole-heartedly agree. The policeman is the first and most indispensable servant of a law-abiding community and should be treated—and paid—as such. If the community is not paying enough to get an effective police force, it must pay more.

Side by side with the police, their controllers and supporters, in the enforcement of law and order and of the encouragement and preservation of the peaceful and honest habits that arise from it, are the Courts of Law. The week that sees the publication of this page will see the passing from the Bench of one of the very greatest of all the Lord Chief Justices of England. For the past twelve years, some of the most difficult internally in our history, Lord Goddard has presided over the administration of justice, and, at a time when respect for the Law and for the moral standards on which Law is based has been at a low ebb, has consistently stood for the fundamental English belief that on the just and strict enforcement of the Law the security, integrity and prosperity

of our country depend. A man of great humanity and kindness of heart, he has never pandered to the popular notion that the punishment of violence is a form of inhumanity. He has put first things first and, with unflinching courage, has disregarded the unthinking clamour of those who, by weakening and denigrating the Law, have helped to loose on society the brute and the sadist which lurk in the dark recesses of human nature. Like his predecessors, who laid the foundations of our legal system eight centuries ago, he has wielded the sword of justice "for the punishment of evildoers and the maintenance of peace and quiet for honest men." And by doing so he has done more than any man in our time to restore the respect in which the Law is held by the people of this country.



THE RETIRING DEPUTY COMMANDER OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN EUROPE : FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY AFTER RECEIVING A FRENCH DECORATION.

Lord Montgomery, wearing the broad scarlet sash of the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, received the *Medaille Militaire* from Marshal Juin at a ceremony in the *Cour d'Honneur* of the Invalides, Paris, on September 15. On September 18 he relinquished his post as Deputy Supreme Commander, Europe, which he had held since 1951. At a farewell ceremony at SHAPE headquarters outside Paris General Norstad, the Supreme Commander, presented him with a scroll adorned with the flags of the NATO countries and signed by the four SHAPE commanders. On the next day Lord Montgomery, retiring from active service after fifty years in the army, was guest of honour at a Government luncheon at Lancaster House.

with their abandoned vehicles is—or ought to be regarded as—something of a scandal. And I suspect that our police would be considerably encouraged in their fight against lawlessness if a better example of regard for the Law were set by motorists who, by and large, are drawn from the better-to-do and better-educated elements in our community.

Motoring, of course, has added, too, a new problem to the policeman's life: that of dealing with professional criminals who use motors as a means of striking and escaping swiftly. A good example of this was reported the other day in the Press, when in the small hours of the morning three bandits pulled up at a petrol station on the Watford by-pass, coshed the attendant, dragged him into their car, beat him unconscious and threw him into a ditch a mile away after robbing him. Before disappearing they beat up a passer-by with a bottle and robbed him of his wallet. To

* *Sunday Times*, September 14, 1958. "The Police, the Public and . . ."

FIFTY YEARS IN THE BRITISH ARMY: LORD MONTGOMERY RETIRES FROM ACTIVE SERVICE.



IN INDIA: COLONEL MONTGOMERY, WHEN HE WAS
GENERAL STAFF OFFICER, 1ST GRADE, STAFF COLLEGE,
QUETTA, FROM 1934 TO 1937.



WITH GENERAL ALEXANDER (LEFT) IN NORTH AFRICA
IN AUGUST 1942: LIEUT.-GENERAL MONTGOMERY ON
TAKING UP HIS APPOINTMENT AS G.O.C., EIGHTH ARMY.



ON ARRIVAL AT LANCASTER HOUSE FOR A GOVERNMENT LUNCHEON GIVEN IN HIS HONOUR ON
SEPTEMBER 19: LORD MONTGOMERY INSPECTING THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT GUARD OF HONOUR.

On September 19 Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein retired from active service after fifty years in the Army. Born in 1887, Lord Montgomery was educated at St. Paul's and joined the Army in 1908. He served in the 1914-18 war, in which he won the D.S.O. In 1931 he was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel, and he commanded the 1st Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment until 1934. Then came three years as a Staff Officer in India, followed by a year as Commander of the 9th Infantry Brigade, Portsmouth. In 1938 Lord Montgomery was promoted to Major-General and given command of the 8th Division. From 1939 to 1940 he commanded the 3rd Division,



AT HIS FIRST PRESS CONFERENCE IN THE FIELD IN FRANCE
IN 1939: MAJOR-GENERAL MONTGOMERY, WHEN HE WAS
COMMANDING THE 3RD DIVISION.



ON JUNE 29, 1946: LORD MONTGOMERY AT HIS DESK IN THE WAR OFFICE ON
THE MORNING ON WHICH HE TOOK UP HIS APPOINTMENT AS CHIEF OF THE
IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF. HE WAS C.I.G.S. UNTIL
1948, WHEN HE BECAME CHAIRMAN OF THE WESTERN
EUROPE COMMANDERS'-IN-CHIEF COMMITTEE.



AT 21ST ARMY GROUP HEADQUARTERS, IN GERMANY, ON MAY 3, 1945: FIELD
MARSHAL MONTGOMERY RECEIVING A DEPUTATION OF GERMAN OFFICERS
SEEKING SURRENDER TERMS.



TWO ARCHITECTS OF VICTORY: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL
WITH GENERAL SIR BERNARD MONTGOMERY, AT HIS
HEADQUARTERS IN NORMANDY, IN 1944.



AT S.H.A.P.E. HEADQUARTERS DURING THE FAREWELL CEREMONY ON SEPTEMBER 18:
LORD MONTGOMERY RECEIVING A COMMEMORATIVE SCROLL FROM GENERAL NORSTAD.

the 5th Corps in 1940 and the 12th Corps in 1941. In July 1942 he assumed command of the Eighth Army, which he led in North Africa, Sicily and Italy. In 1942 he was promoted Lieutenant-General and then General, and in 1944 Field Marshal. He was C.-in-C. of the British Group of Armies and Allied Armies in Northern France in 1944, and Commander of the 21st Army Group from 1944 to 1945. Then he assumed Command of the British Army of the Rhine, and in 1946 he was appointed C.I.G.S. From 1948 to 1951 Lord Montgomery was Chairman of the Western Europe Commanders'-in-Chief Committee, and in 1951 he became Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Europe.

FROM NEW ROADS TO GOTHIC ARMOUR: A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS.



MORE THAN HALF COMPLETED: WORK IN PROGRESS ON "ROUTE 11," THE CITY OF LONDON TRUNK ROAD WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY RUN FROM LUDGATE CIRCUS TO ALDGATE HIGH STREET.

Work on the central section of "Route 11," the City of London trunk road being built on one of the worst blitzed parts of the City, is well in hand, and it is expected to be brought into use next year. There will be a garage for 250 cars running beneath the road.



PROGRESSING ON SCHEDULE DESPITE THE BAD WEATHER: THE LONDON-YORKSHIRE MOTORWAY—BUILDING A FLY-OVER NEAR COLLINGTREE.

Despite the bad weather work on the construction of the London-Yorkshire Motorway is up to schedule, and its broad line continues to forge ahead across the country. Work started in March and it was planned to complete the southern half in 19 months.



ARRIVING FOR EVALUATION TRIALS WITH THE ARMY: ONE OF TWO FRENCH ALOUETTE HELICOPTERS AT EASTLEIGH AIRPORT, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON, ON SEPTEMBER 18.

Two French *Alouette* helicopters reached this country on September 18 for evaluation trials with the Army. Powered by a 300-h.p. gas turbine engine, this helicopter can carry the pilot and four passengers, and has a maximum speed of 110 m.p.h.



UNDER AN AMERICAN CONDUCTOR: THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA REHEARSING WITH DR. WILLIAM STEINBERG, ITS NEW MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

Dr. William Steinberg, the American conductor, has started his duties as Musical Director of the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Born in Germany, Dr. Steinberg has a considerable reputation in America, where he is retaining his conductorship of the Pittsburgh Orchestra.



AT BALMORAL: THIRTY-SEVEN NUCLEAR SCIENTISTS FROM MANY COMMONWEALTH COUNTRIES LUNCH WITH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AFTER A FIVE-DAY CONFERENCE.

The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal met thirty-seven nuclear scientists from Australia, South Africa, India, Rhodesia and other Commonwealth countries on September 20 at a lunch at Balmoral. The scientists were winding up a private conference during which they were shown the work of British atomic energy establishments.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE ARMOURIES OF THE TOWER OF LONDON: A RARE

GOTHIC HORSE ARMOUR—ONE OF ONLY FIVE SUCH STILL KNOWN TO EXIST. Dating from about 1480, this finely decorated Gothic horse armour, made for Waldemar VI, Duke of Anhalt-Zerbst (1473-1508), makes a notable addition to the Armouries of the Tower of London, for only five such suits are known to-day. It was purchased at a sale in Lucerne for £8656 with the help of contributions of £2100 from the Pilgrim Trust and £1000 from the National Art-Collections Fund.

FOUND IN PERSIAN AZERBAIJAN: A UNIQUE MANNÆAN GOLDEN BOWL.

THIS astonishing golden bowl, squashed flat but otherwise in excellent condition, has a height of 8½ ins., a diameter of 24½ ins., and weighs about 30½ ounces Troy. It was recently found by a joint American-Persian expedition directed by Mr. Robert Harris Dyson, Jnr., of the Pennsylvania University Museum, which has been working for the last two years in Persian Azerbaijan at the village of Hassanlou, near Lake Rezaiyah. The bowl was found in the rubble of a brick building of about 716-714 B.C., clutched in the hand of a man who also held a gold-hilted sword. Nearby were two other skeletons, one with a dagger pressed into the back of the other. Near them lay a silver vase. The scene suggests an Assyrian attack on a village of Mannai, the looting of a nobleman's house and the collapse of the building by fire, while fighting for the possession of the treasure was going on; and

[Continued below.]



THE GOLDEN BOWL OF HASSANLOU: A 2700-YEAR-OLD TREASURE OF MANNÆAN ART, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN AZERBAIJAN. THE DIAMETER IS 24½ INS.



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GOLDEN BOWL. MANNÆAN ART IS LITTLE KNOWN; AND THIS ASSEMBLY OF STRANGE MOTIFS IS A DISCOVERY OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE.

[Continued.]

attacker, defenders and treasure alike were buried for 2700 years in the ruins. The value of this bowl has already been set as high as £20,000; and its intrinsic interest is clearly of the greatest. The rich and complicated *repoussé* designs of charioteers, tribute bearers, a fight with a

Hydra and other complex motifs will obviously exercise the scholars and interpreters for many a year. The Persian archæologists of the expedition were from the Teheran Archæological Museum, where this magnificent object is now deposited before restoration.

SEPTEMBER 28 is the day of the referendum on the remoulding of the French Constitution. Except for Communist meetings against the proposed changes—and more still against the proposer—the campaign has been an unexpectedly quiet one, so far as French men and French women are concerned. Yet the measures of reconstruction are far-reaching and radical. One probable reason for the absence of excitement is that the numbers hanging in the wind are believed to be small, so that propaganda is not likely to be valuable. It would seem that the great majority have made up their minds, for or against, *Oui* or *Non*. Yet the same foreign observers who have been saying for years that big changes are necessary, and that those made after the war have produced political paralysis and chaos, are the most astonished by the scope of the present proposals.

Those whose memories go back thirty-four years are recalling that when the capable and forceful Millerand adumbrated a few mild measures to increase the power of the President he was thrown out of the Elysée, to be replaced by one of those unexceptionable and hueless figures who, with a few notable breaks in time of emergency, have formed the usual choice of France for the highest office. The wit who said he would vote *pour le plus bête* may have shocked a few people, but, on the whole, it was felt that this represented a principle which had a lot to recommend it. Were this type of President to hold office under the proposed system, it would be a disaster.

It is clear that the situation has changed considerably since the first words were spoken and the first scenes enacted after the emergence of General de Gaulle from his solitude. Individuals, parties, and sections of the public then extremely nervous, some that were hostile, have changed their minds. Some still express reservations, and if there is any certainty in the whole affair it is that reservations unspoken are more numerous in these ranks. The outstanding leader of the opposition to the General and his plans is M. Mendès-France. In East Africa, French Somaliland, in West Africa, Guinea and the Niger, are advised by local leaders to vote *Non*, and they may be lost to France. The rest of the territories and Madagascar are expected to go with the General.

Algeria is more complex. As a whole, it will agree. There remains, however, the unappeased body of resistance which will continue to fight with arms, not with votes. This is obviously a very powerful factor, even though the Army's control has steadily strengthened. To sum up, the chief opposition which the General has to face comes in France from the Communists, a few small parties or splinters of parties, and the intelligentsia; in Africa from the dissidents of Algeria. It may be added that the intelligentsia contains a considerable proportion of Communists or near-Communists; also that General de Gaulle has won over some outstanding intellectuals who are valuable recruits.

The wave of terrorism in France is very dangerous. It may be argued that this shift of murder and incendiarism from Algeria to France is a proof of a weakening of terrorism the former. This makes it no more pleasant to France and the French people. One feature—and probable object—of the campaign is the creation of a harsh and hasty spirit in the police. This is likely to occur whenever police and troops have to face methods of terrorism on a large scale. Natural as they are, roughness and an itching finger on the trigger discredit authority, especially since

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE EVE OF THE FRENCH REFERENDUM.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

they generally deny the truth of what people have seen with their own eyes. Were the tendency to get out of hand, it would injure the General among the thinking and the lovers of justice.

This month General de Gaulle has increased his prestige by his own efforts alone in one important respect. The meeting between him and



ON THE HIGHWAY BETWEEN VERSAILLES AND LOUVECIENNES, NEAR PARIS: POLICE SET UP A ROAD-BLOCK IN THEIR HUNT FOR ALGERIAN TERRORISTS.



SETTING UP A NEW TYPE OF ROAD-BLOCK IN THE FRENCH ANTI-TERRORIST CAMPAIGN. THIS ROAD-BLOCK IS LIGHT, MOBILE AND CAN BE SET UP IN A FEW MINUTES.

With the approach of the referendum on September 28, there came a wave of violence and sabotage by Algerian terrorists which spread all over the French mainland. The police, as part of their anti-terrorist campaign, have established control points with road-blocks, such as those seen in the photographs above, outside all important cities.

Dr. Adenauer at Colombey-les-deux-Eglises was certainly a success, and the Chancellor wasted no time in declaring his gratification. Some commentators have pointed out that detailed difficulties do not seem to have been discussed. Perhaps not, but a large field was covered. The more enthusiastic believe that an imaginative approach to closer European unity, including Free Trade and the Common Market, was made by

these two men. Even if results in this field come slowly to harvest, even if all are not garnered, the Prime Minister has given an impression of statesmanship.

A number of Americans, remembering past statements by the General, have asked themselves uneasily whether he has whispered into the Chancellor's ear suggestions about loosening links with the United States, whether he has advised that the new Europe should "go it alone." Whatever General de Gaulle's attitude to this subject in the past, statesmen in new situations cannot be rigidly bound by utterances in other surroundings. Perhaps they cannot be bound at all.

The future relations between Europe and the United States will be governed by events and influences of many kinds, some of which are not to be discerned at present. So long as Dr. Adenauer holds office, the foreign policy of the Federal Republic will not be changed. General de Gaulle knows this as well as anyone. It may be added that no pronouncement made by him this year—at least none reported, as every word of his is—suggests that he contemplates weakening links between France and America.

De Gaulle appears certain to succeed in his immediate aims. It has been stiff work getting as far as he has got, or is likely to get at the end of this month. Yet one must feel that this success still amounts to less than half the battle. It would be idle to disregard a certain vague anxiety about the Presidential powers which affects many of his supporters. Some who can stomach them must feel anxiety of a different sort, about his isolation. Supposing that they consider dictatorship a mere bogey, brought out to discredit the saviour of the country, they may yet very well fear that too much depends upon one man. Given the modern tradition of French politics, can any man hope to succeed him—I mean as President of the Republic, assuming that this will be his office?

And yet this very isolation is in another way an asset. Within the last few months the General has succeeded in something in which he did not succeed when formerly in office. He was then admired by many, but there was nothing like the present sentiment that he is a great man, the one indisputably great man in the political world in France. And I think people have supported him who would not have done so otherwise after asking themselves the question: "Can France to-day afford not to accept and use the services of this man?" It seems certain that many have put this question to themselves and answered it in the negative. As an outside observer who has spoken with General de Gaulle once only, and that a long time ago, I own that his bearing and his words have appeared to me from a distance to present him as a personality of rare quality.

So it is an "all de Gaulle" campaign. It will continue to be so throughout this phase. Later on, there may emerge a lieutenant, or, if he is lucky, more than one, of high calibre. This would supply a need because, apart from the work such a man or such men would perform, it is good for a leader to have among his chief subordinates those whose intellectual and moral powers permit them to talk straight to him. It is easy to understand the hesitation of some and the anxieties of others, but, for me, to regard General de Gaulle as a sinister figure is not possible.

CORRECTION. In a caption on page 427 of our issue of September 13 it was wrongly stated that Mr. Jimmy Edwards was representing the Actors' Equity at the recent Trades Union Congress. Mr. Edwards was in fact representing the Variety Artistes' Federation, of which he is Chairman.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



LUNEBURG HEATH, GERMANY. PREPARING FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE "VICTORY STONE," WHICH, ON FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY'S SUGGESTION, IS NOW BEING BROUGHT TO SANDHURST.



NEW JERSEY, U.S.A. ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST CARRIERS, THE "FORRESTAL" CLASS KITTY HAWK, SEEN FROM THE AIR DURING CONSTRUCTION AT CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY. SHE WILL BE ARMED WITH TERRIER GUIDED MISSILES.

RUSSIA. POSTHUMOUS FAME FOR LAIKA. THE FAMOUS DOG, WHICH WAS THE FIRST SPACE-TRAVELLER, HAS NOW GIVEN HER NAME AND PORTRAIT (WITH A BACKGROUND OF SPUTNIKS) TO A RUSSIAN BRAND OF CIGARETTES.



CYPRUS. BRITISH SOLDIERS TAKING DOWN AN ANTI-BRITISH NOTICE ON THE WALL NEAR NICOSIA. On September 21 the complaint of the Mayor of Kyrenia about the behaviour of British troops called forth a sharp retort from Sir Hugh Foot, who pointed out that the Mayor's silence appeared to condone murder by Eoka.



SNOWY MOUNTAINS, AUSTRALIA. THE GUTHEGA DAM, THE FIRST PART OF THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS HYDRO-ELECTRIC PROJECT, WHICH IS NOW PROCEEDING APACE. In 1955 Mr. Menzies inaugurated the Guthega Dam, the first stage of the Snowy Mountains project to come into operation; and on September 14 this year "declared closed" the Tumut Pond Dam, which will eventually hold up the waters of four rivers.



HAZOR, ISRAEL. AT THE EXCAVATIONS OF BIBLICAL HAZOR: MR. BEN-GURION (FOREGROUND) AND DR. YADIN LOOKING INTO ONE OF THE HUGE STORAGE JARS. Dr. (formerly General) Yigael Yadin's annual reports on the progress of his extensive excavations at Hazor, in Galilee, are familiar to our readers. All Israel is archaeology-minded, and the Prime Minister, Mr. Ben-Gurion, recently paid a visit to the site.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



THE U.S.S.R. NEARING COMPLETION AT LENINGRAD: THE ICE-BREAKER LENIN, THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC-POWERED SURFACE CRAFT.

The atomic-powered ice-breaker *Lenin*, the first atomic-powered surface vessel in the world, is now nearing completion at Leningrad, where she was launched at the end of 1957. Of 16,000 tons, she is believed to be the forerunner of a fleet of atomic ice-breakers and is expected to be capable of forcing her way through ice 6 ft. thick.



THE FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND. THE KARIBA HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM NEARS COMPLETION AFTER THE RECENT SEVERE FLOODS.

Work on the Kariba hydro-electric dam across the Zambezi—interrupted by severe floods earlier this year—is continuing and the scheme is gradually nearing completion. In the photograph, the new footbridge (right) and the new roadbridge, replacing those washed away, can be seen. The new project will supply power to Northern and Southern Rhodesia.



THE U.S.A. NEAR LAS VEGAS, NEVADA: THE FIREBALL OF A SMALL NUCLEAR DEVICE EXPLODED RECENTLY 500 FT. ABOVE THE GROUND.

A small nuclear device was exploded some 500 ft. above ground-level at a testing site some miles north of Las Vegas on September 19. The explosion could be heard a considerable distance away, but the fireball was much smaller than those of larger tests.



IN THE PACIFIC. THE FIRST REGULUS II MISSILE BEING LAUNCHED FROM THE U.S. SUBMARINE GRAYBACK—PARTLY OBSCURED BY SMOKE FROM THE MISSILE'S BOOSTER ROCKET. The first *Regulus II* missile has been launched from the U.S. submarine *Grayback*. The firing took place in the Pacific and the missile was aimed at a target which was some two hundred miles away in California.



FRANCE. AFTER TRYING TO ENTER THE HUNGARIAN LEGATION IN PARIS: RAYMOND PERENYI BEING LED AWAY, BADLY WOUNDED, BY POLICE.

Raymond Perenyi, a Hungarian living in Paris, unsuccessfully tried to enter the Hungarian Legation in the French capital on September 18. He was wounded in the attempt and was afterwards taken to hospital, where his condition was said to be satisfactory.



SWITZERLAND. THE NEW DAM, CLAIMED TO BE THE HIGHEST IN EUROPE, IN THE VAL DE BAGNES: THE SCENE WHEN THE SLUICES WERE CLOSED FOR THE FIRST TIME. The sluices of the new dam in the Val de Bagnes, said to be 787 ft. high and claimed as Europe's highest dam, were closed for the first time on September 18. Above, the waters of the River Dranse can be seen as they rose behind the dam following the closing.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



NEWPORT, U.S.A. THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE SHOWS PRESIDENT EISENHOWER CHATTING TO CREW MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH 12-METRE RACING YACHT SCEPTRE ON SEPTEMBER 15.

The President talked to the crew of *Sceptre*, Britain's entry in the America's Cup races, from the deck of the Presidential yacht *Barbara Ann*, which came alongside *Sceptre*. He was on his way from the Summer White House to the golf course when he made the stop. He wished *Sceptre*'s captain, Commander Graham Mann, good luck.

(Right)
WARSAW. THE SCENE, PICTURED ON THE RIGHT, WHEN CHINESE AND AMERICAN DIPLOMATS MET TO DISCUSS THE FAR EAST CRISIS. The Chinese delegates (left) and the American delegates (right) met in the Myslwiecki Palace, Warsaw Park, on September 15, to try to work out some solution to the Quemoy crisis. The Chinese delegation was headed by Mr. Wang Ping-Nan (centre-left, between two other delegates) and the American delegation by Mr. Jacob Beam (second from foreground on right), who is United States Ambassador to Poland.



LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, U.S.A.: GOVERNOR ORVAL FAUBUS ANSWERING QUESTIONS BY THE PRESS ON SEPTEMBER 16, AFTER ISSUING HIS PROCLAMATION TO VOTERS. In his proclamation Governor Faubus, America's most controversial figure in the dispute over the segregation of white and coloured people, set September 27 as the date for a voters' referendum on whether high schools should be integrated.



CAMBODIA. PRINCE NORODOM SIHANOUK INAUGURATES HIS WORKING POLICY BY ROAD-BUILDING BETWEEN THE VILLAGES OF DANGKOR AND WAT SLENGG AMONG HIS PEASANTS.

Under the leadership of the Cambodian Prime Minister, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, 30,000 Cambodians have been taking part in the construction of this new road. Under his new "Working Policy" all Government officials, including Princes and M.P.s, must spend one month a year at manual labour in the fields and factories.



PRINCE SIHANOUK LOOKS ON AS EARTH LOOSENERED BY HIMSELF IS LOADED BY A PEASANT. SUCH EARTH IS SOMETIMES CONSIDERED SACRED.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



(Left.)
CHICAGO, U.S.A.
THE SIXTH EXPLOSION DOES THE TRICK:
A 1912 BUILDING OF
SEVEN STOREYS, DEMOLISHED TO MAKE
WAY FOR A TRUCK TERMINAL, SETTLES
DOWN IN RUIN, AFTER
A SERIES OF DYNA-
MITE CHARGES BUILD-
ING UP TO THE FINAL
LEVELLER.

(Right.)
HAMBURG, WEST
GERMANY. THE
UNCO-OPERATIVE
DRY-DOCK DOOR.
THIS 4800-TON DOOR
WAS BEING TURNED
IN THE HARBOUR FOR
FITTING TO A RECON-
STRUCTED BIG DRY-
DOCK WHEN THE
CABLES PARTED AND
THE DOOR CAPSIZED,
SHORTLY BEFORE THE
PROJECTED OPENING
CEREMONY.



BECKEDORF



HYDERABAD, INDIA. THE DAM THAT STANDS BY ITSELF: DURING MONSOON FLOODS, THE FLANK-
ING WALLS OF THE NEW £3,000,000 KADDAM RIVER DAM BURST, ALTHOUGH THE CONCRETE SPILLWAYS STOOD.



BOMBAY STATE, INDIA. WHERE 30 FT. OF WATER FLOWS OVER THE TEMPLE
AND ONLY THE SPIRES EMERGE TO THE BOATMAN'S SIGHT: FLOODS AT PANDHAPUR.
The two floods shown are in the Godavari and Kistna River systems, which rise mostly
in Bombay, flow through Hyderabad, and emerge in the same sector of the east coast.
The Kaddam is a tributary of the Godavari, the Bhima on which Pandhapur stands,
of the Kistna.



MINNESOTA, U.S.A. NATURAL AND NOT MAN-MADE, DESPITE ITS REGULARITY: A LONG
SECTION OF A NEWLY-EXPLORED CAVE SYSTEM AT SPRING VALLEY.
This water-carved tunnel of regular section is part of an eleven-mile cave system, recently
explored for the first time. This particular cavern is 3700 ft. long and this section was photo-
graphed with the aid of seven flash-bulbs fired at considerable distances apart.



KOENIGSWINTER, WEST GERMANY. A RACK-RAILWAY DISASTER IN WHICH SOME
SEVENTEEN PERSONS WERE KILLED, DURING A DESCENT FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE DRACHENFELS.
On September 14, a three-car train on the seventy-five-year-old Drachenfels rack-railway,
making the descent from this famous beauty spot, overturned all three cars, which were crowded
with passengers. Besides the dead, some seventy persons were injured.

THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY PREPARING FOR THE QUEEN'S OPENING.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF RECENT PROGRESS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY PROJECT, SHOWING THE IROQUOIS LOCK AND THE CONTROL DAM MEETING THE AMERICAN SHORE, RIGHT.



A FURTHER AERIAL VIEW SHOWS THE EISENHOWER LOCK THROUGH WHICH THE SHIPPING ROUTE WILL RUN. THE LOCK BELONGS TO THE UNITED STATES.

The tremendous St. Lawrence Seaway project involving, as it does, trade, power, security, and a shorter route to Europe, and effectively opening to the ocean the eight states bordering the Great Lakes, is now rapidly nearing completion. The Iroquois Lock, shown above, was not only the first to be completed, but was, in fact, finished three months ahead of schedule. The St. Lawrence River stretches 1200 miles and the new Seaway, when opened, will have a minimum depth of 27 ft., enabling large ocean-going ships to trade between the principal ports of the world and the hinterland of the North

American continent. The Seaway had been under consideration since the days of President Wilson. But in 1953 Canada decided to go ahead with it, even without the co-operation of the United States. Canada was anxious less for the increased traffic and trade the Seaway would bring her than for the vast supply of cheap power which the associated power project would bring to the province of Ontario. But since 1954 the United States, realising what is at stake, has joined in the project with the greatest enthusiasm. The project will cost 600,000,000 dollars and has had a peak labour force of 10,000 men.

A NEW RICH AND ENIGMATIC CULTURE DISCOVERED IN BELGIAN CONGO: UNCOVERING A PROTOHISTORIC NECROPOLIS IN KATANGA.

By JACQUES A. E. NENQUIN, M.A., Head of the Department of Prehistory and Anthropology, Musée Royal du Congo Belge; Tervuren; Belgium.

(The photograph of Fig. 16 is reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Roger Summers.)

NOT much has yet been written about the protohistoric cultures of the Belgian Congo, nor, indeed, is much known about them. It was therefore a most fortunate circumstance when



FIG. 1. FOUND IN THE SANGA GRAVES: A BAKED CLAY SPOON WITH A BROKEN HANDLE. ALTHOUGH RATHER SIMILAR SPOONS ARE FOUND WITH THE EUROPEAN FATYANOVO CULTURE, NO RELATIONSHIP IS SUGGESTED.

(Diameter of mouth of spoon, 1½ ins. (3 cm.))

Dr. Maesen, Head of the Department of Ethnography of the Musée Royal du Congo Belge at Tervuren, recently brought back from an expedition to the Congo a collection of pottery which proved to be of considerable interest. This pottery was acquired at a place called Sanga (Bukama territory, Katanga province) on Lake Kisale (Fig. 2), near the Upemba National Park, where it had been found by the BaLuba inhabitants of this area. Typologically, it was quite different from the pots which are now made by these people, and was said to come from ancient graves which had been disturbed by digging for soil, used for making sun-dried bricks.

Similar pottery from the same area was already known from collections made by the Rev. W. F. P. Burton, who in 1925 sent a few specimens to the Congo Museum at Tervuren, together with a couple of human skulls. Other examples were known to exist in the Léopold II Museum at Elisabethville, in the Witwatersrand University, Johannesburg, one sherd from the collections of the Brussels University, and—perhaps—a few pots from the Institut pour la Recherche Scientifique en Afrique Centrale (I.R.S.A.C.). Because none of these collections had yet been published, and considering the importance of Dr. Maesen's

discoveries, it was decided by the late Professor Dr. F. M. Olbrechts, then Director of the Congo Museum, to send an expedition to Northern Katanga to try and find more remains of this interesting culture. Arrangements were made for co-operation with the State University at Elisabethville to select a suitable site for excavation and generally to smooth out possible administrative difficulties. Both objects were admirably achieved by Professor Dr. J. Hiernaux, Rector of the University, who, together with M. De Buyst, of the same University, and the author, formed the archaeological staff of the expedition. The main purpose of last year's campaign was then to find more graves of the type already discovered by Dr. Maesen, and, if possible, a settlement site;

subsequently, to try and integrate this culture into the general pattern of African protohistory, and eventually to date it by means of the newly-discovered material. Since the expedition was lucky enough to find about sixty graves of the now-called "Kisalian" culture, it may be said that certainly the first part of its aims was achieved. It is as yet too early to go into the problem of related cultures in other parts of the African continent, but it would seem, from the evidence collected up to this date, that the Kisalian is more or less restricted to the area around the River Lualaba with, perhaps, extensions to the west pointing in the direction of Kamina. Oral tradition has it that in this area is to be found the origin of the first Luba/Lunda states.

The failure to find a settlement site was largely made up for by the discovery of a series of Stone Age cultures, underlying the Kisalian stratum. This is neither the place to discuss these earlier cultures, nor indeed has there yet been time to prepare a statistical analysis of them. Suffice it to say that immediately under the Kisalian layer were found numerous quartzite implements of the Smithfield complex, and lower down, at about 2.50 to 3 m., a considerable number of artefacts of the so-called Kalinian culture, with picks, scrapers on flakes and prepared disc-cores. These qualifications, however, are here given only provisionally.

The site where it was eventually decided to start excavating was at Sanga itself, where Dr. Maesen had made his discoveries. Sanga lies along the northern bank of Lake Kisale, about 10 km. to the east of Kikondja. The excavations were carried out following for the main part the square-method (Fig. 3), each of the thirty squares having a 3-metre side, the intervening balks being 1 metre across. For several reasons it proved impossible to dig much deeper than 3 m. (about 10 ft.). During our stay at Sanga—the summer months of 1957—it frequently happened that the natives showed us pots and fragments of skeletons which they had uncovered earlier in the year, or in other parts of the village, and which proved to belong to the same culture. These pots were

objects were found in the graves: copper necklaces, bracelets, chains and so-called "croisettes" (H-shaped copper money) (Fig. 16), and iron bracelets, anklets and belts. Not all these characteristics were necessarily observed at the same time in one grave. In two graves were found the remains of a glass-bead necklace, while burial No. 23 contained a necklace of perforated cowrie shells. At the back of the skeleton from grave No. 21 (Fig. 21) was found a vessel which had probably been knocked over during the filling-in of the grave-pit. The whitish stain seen in the photograph represents the traces of the spilled liquid. A special case was "grave" No. 16, which most probably was no grave at all, since no traces of human bones were discovered and the soil discolouration—the mark of the original pit—in the centre of which the pots were situated, was certainly not large enough to have contained a skeleton, however small. It is perhaps not impossible that we have here a ritual or token "burial" for a drowned fisherman.

A more detailed description of a few typical graves may be interesting:

Grave No. 12. Skeleton lying on its right side, skull to the north, both hands under the head; slightly contracted position. One pot to the left of the head; another at the back, level with the hips. Eleven "croisettes." Eight

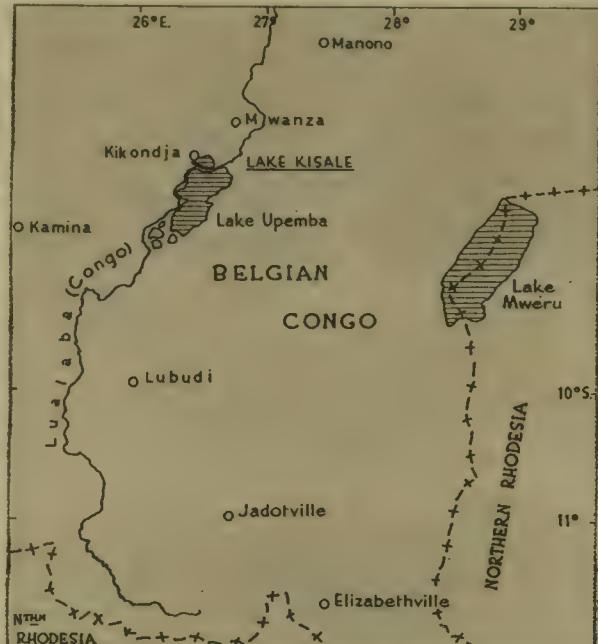


FIG. 2. A MAP OF PART OF KATANGA, IN BELGIAN CONGO. SANGA, THE SITE OF THE GRAVES, IS A FEW MILES EAST OF KIKONDJA, ON LAKE KISALE.



FIG. 3. AN EARLY STAGE OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT SANGA, SHOWING THE GRID OF 3-METRE PITS, WITH DIGGING, SIEVING AND WASHING IN PROGRESS.

often re-used by the villagers. From these indications it could be deduced that the excavated area formed only a very small part of a necropolis, which extended perhaps for more than two miles along the northern shore of Lake Kisale. Similar pottery was also brought from other villages—Pungwe, Katongo, Kikondja—all in the same region.

As has already been said, about sixty graves of the Kisalian culture were discovered. Although no very fixed burial ritual could be established, certain general characteristics were observed. Most skeletons were lying on their side along a north-south axis, skull to the north, in a flexed position (Fig. 21) and with one hand under the head. The pots were generally placed at the back of the skeleton (Fig. 19), and numerous metal

bracelets and rings. Attached both to the copper necklace and the iron belt are two triple copper chains.

Grave No. 53. Skeleton lying on its back along a north-south axis, head to the north. Thirty-two pots placed in the grave, one of them being a four-handled vase. Iron necklace and anklets; copper bracelets, rings, anklets and copper-wire belt.

The pottery itself is very well made, without the help of the wheel, the colour being pinkish-yellow to grey-red, with all the intermediate shades. Several shapes can be distinguished, the most typical being a pot with rounded base, contracted shoulder, outwards flaring neck and inwards turning lip (Fig. 7). [Continued opposite, centre.]

POTTERY OF THE UNKNOWN
KISALIAN CULTURE: GRAVE
GOODS FROM SANGA.



FIG. 4. TYPICAL OF A SMALL GROUP OF THE FINE POTS FOUND IN THE SANGA NECROPOLIS IN THE CONGO. (Diameter at shoulder 6½ ins. (17 cm.))



FIG. 5. A SMALL CONICAL CUP WITH AN INTURNED LIP AND HEAVILY INCISED SHOULDER DECORATION. (Diameter at shoulder 5½ ins. (14.5 cm.))



FIG. 6. A SPOUTED POT WITH A CARINATED SHOULDER AND DEEPLY INCISED CHEVRON MOTIFS ON THE NECK. (Diameter 5½ ins. (15 cm.))



FIG. 7. A KIND OF POT OF WHICH CONSIDERABLE NUMBERS WERE FOUND. THE INCISED HALF-MOON MOTIF IS QUITE TYPICAL. (Greatest diameter 5½ ins. (14.5 cm.))



FIG. 8. A SMALL TRILOBATE PEDESTALLED CUP. MUCH LARGER SPECIMENS WERE FOUND WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN USED AS STOVES. (Diameter 3½ ins. (8 cm.))



FIG. 9. A FINE FOUR-HANDED POT OF THE SAME CARINATED SHAPE AS FIG. 4, BUT WITH THE ADDITION OF THE HANDLES. (Diameter at shoulder 6½ ins. (16 cm.))



FIG. 10. A POT OF THE SAME GENERAL SHAPE AS THE COMMON TYPE (FIG. 7) BUT WITH GROUPS OF CROSS-HATCHED PATTERNS ON THE SHOULDER. (Diameter 4½ ins. (12 cm.))



FIG. 11. A ROUNDED CUP WITH A BROAD INCISED ZIGZAG PATTERN. THE COLOUR OF THESE POTS VARIES FROM PINKISH YELLOW TO A GREYISH RED. (Diameter 6½ ins. (17.5 cm.))



FIG. 12. A ROUNDED POT OF THE SAME TYPE AS FIG. 11 BUT WITH A PEDESTALLED FOOT AND A BAND OF RUNNING ZIGZAG PATTERN ON THE SHOULDER. (Diameter 4½ ins. (12.5 cm.))



FIG. 13. A DOUBLE-SPOUTED OVAL BOWL. THE PATTERN IS A SERIES OF IMPRESSED AND INCISED MARKS. (Greatest diameter 9½ ins. (25 cm.))

Continued.
The decoration on the shoulder consists of incised half-moon motifs, on the lip of incised or stamped grooves or series of points. This type of pot was found in quite considerable numbers; sometimes a different ornamentation is executed on the same body shape (Fig. 10). Several examples of bowls with rounded base and inwards flaring lip, often with spout and triangular, perforated handle, were found in the

[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 14. A LARGE DEEP BOWL, LIKE FIG. 13 BUT CIRCULAR AND WITH A SINGLE SPOUT. THE HANDLE IS TRIANGULAR. (Diameter 8½ ins. (21.5 cm.))

Continued. graves (Figs. 13 and 14). Here, too, the decoration on the lip consists of incised or stamped grooves or points. Less frequently occurring was a type of pot, rather similar in general shape to the first one described, but with a very pronounced and sharp carination (Figs. 4 and 6). Various other

forms exist—e.g., small undecorated bowls, conical cups (Fig. 5), baked clay spoons (Fig. 1), trilobate cups (Fig. 8), etc. Other shapes are unique: for instance, a small bottle with very thick sides (Fig. 15), of which the upper, horizontal part is decorated with a human face in relief (Fig. 17). [Continued overleaf.]

FROM AN ANCIENT CONGO CULTURE WHICH MAY BE LINKED WITH ZIMBABWE.

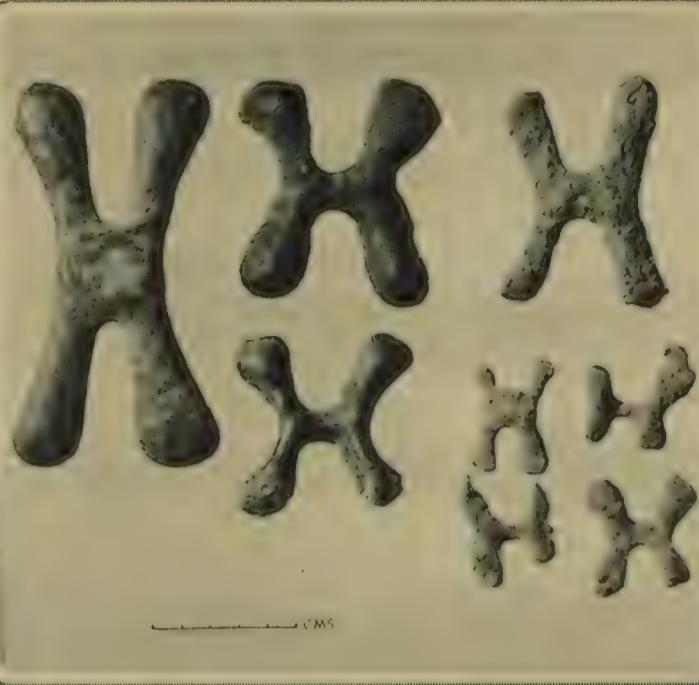


FIG. 16. LIKE CHARON'S OBOL: "CROISSETTES," OR H-SHAPED MONEY, FOUND IN KATANGA AND NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT BULAWAYO. SIMILAR BUT LARGER MONEY WAS FOUND AT ZIMBABWE. (Scale in cms.)

FIG. 17. THE UPPER SURFACE OF THE VASE SHOWN IN FIG. 15, SHOWING A GROTESQUE FACE, WITH A MASS OF CURLY HAIR, IN RELIEF. (Diameter 2½ ins. (5.5 cm.))

(Left.)
FIG. 15. A TALL, THICK-SIDED VASE WITH INCISED DECORATION. THE PIERCED TOP SHOWS A HUMAN FACE (FIG. 17). (Height 6½ ins. (16 cm.))



FIG. 18. A VERY RICH BURIAL OF THE KISALIAN CULTURE AT SANGA, SHOWING THE THIRTY-THREE VESSELS IN SITU. ALL WERE UNUSED WHEN PLACED IN THE GRAVE.



FIG. 19. ANOTHER VERY RICH GRAVE (NO. 34) WITH A WEALTH OF CERAMIC AND METAL GRAVE GOODS. THE POSITION OF THE ANKLETS, ETC., REVEAL THE POSITION OF THE SKELETON.



FIG. 20. A RARE EXAMPLE OF THE SKULL RESTING ON AN UPTURNED POT. THIS MAY HAVE BEEN A SUBSTITUTE FOR A HEAD-REST OF EITHER POTTERY OR WOOD.



FIG. 21. THE TYPICAL BURIAL POSITION, WITH UPTURNED POT AT THE BACK OF THE SKELETON. THE WHITISH STAIN IS THE TRACE OF SPILT LIQUID, PERHAPS PALM-WINE.

Continued. Another unique piece is a ceramic neck-rest found in the same region, and now in the collections of the Witwatersrand University at Johannesburg. In this respect it is perhaps interesting to note that in a few cases, the skull of the buried individual was found resting on an upturned bowl (Fig. 20), but no actual examples of ceramic neck-rests were discovered during the excavations. The copper "croisettes" (Fig. 16) are quite frequently found in the area of the River Lualaba. In several burials the dead was found holding a few pieces of this money clasped in his hand. Stone casting-moulds for

such currency were found at Zimbabwe, but there the H-shaped copper ingots were considerably larger than those discovered at Sanga, where the largest do not exceed about 12 cm. (about 5 ins.). For the moment this would seem to be about the only connecting link (?) of the Kisalian with any other protohistoric culture on the African continent. But since the date of Zimbabwe itself is still a matter of controversy, this indication is not very helpful. Until the results of the radio carbon analysis are known, it would be rash indeed to propose a definite period for the Sanga necropolis, and for the Kisalian as a whole.



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—VIII. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.



Dennis Flanders.

DURING A SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL BUILT TO COMMEMORATE THE COLLEGE'S JUBILEE : A VIEW FROM THE ORGAN LOFT LOOKING EAST.

Cheltenham College, situated in Gloucestershire and the oldest of the numerous Victorian Public Schools, was founded in 1841. The principal movers in the foundation of the school were two residents in Cheltenham—Mr. G. S. Harcourt and Captain J. S. Iredell. The necessary expenses were met by shareholders on a proprietary system, and the Governing Body was at first known as the Board of Directors, being renamed the Council in 1862. The College was incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1894, when it was authorised to hold lands in perpetuity, the rights of the existing

proprietors being bought out and extinguished. The new school, with the Rev. Alfred Phillips as first Headmaster, was first situated in houses "in a Centrical part of the town," but was moved after two years to the present site, which may still be described as being on the outskirts of Cheltenham. Dr. Phillips was succeeded in 1845 by the Rev. William Dobson, who had no experience as a schoolmaster before his appointment, and it was to him, and to the Rev. T. A. Southwood, who became Head of the Modern side of the College in 1843, that the success of the College was largely due.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



CHELTENHAM COLLEGE—A VIEW SHOWING THE MAIN FRONT OF THE COLLEGE (FAR RIGHT), AND (LEFT) THE CHAPEL AND THE WAR MEMORIAL CLOISTER.

The main front of Cheltenham College—on the right in the drawing—was built in 1843. Of the two large halls in this block, only Big Classical (to the extreme right) was at first used as a classroom. The first ceremony to take place within its walls was a dinner for the workmen who had built it—"as a reward for their diligence and sobriety in completing it so soon." The other, forming the second wing of the front and known as Big Modern, was in the first place an open

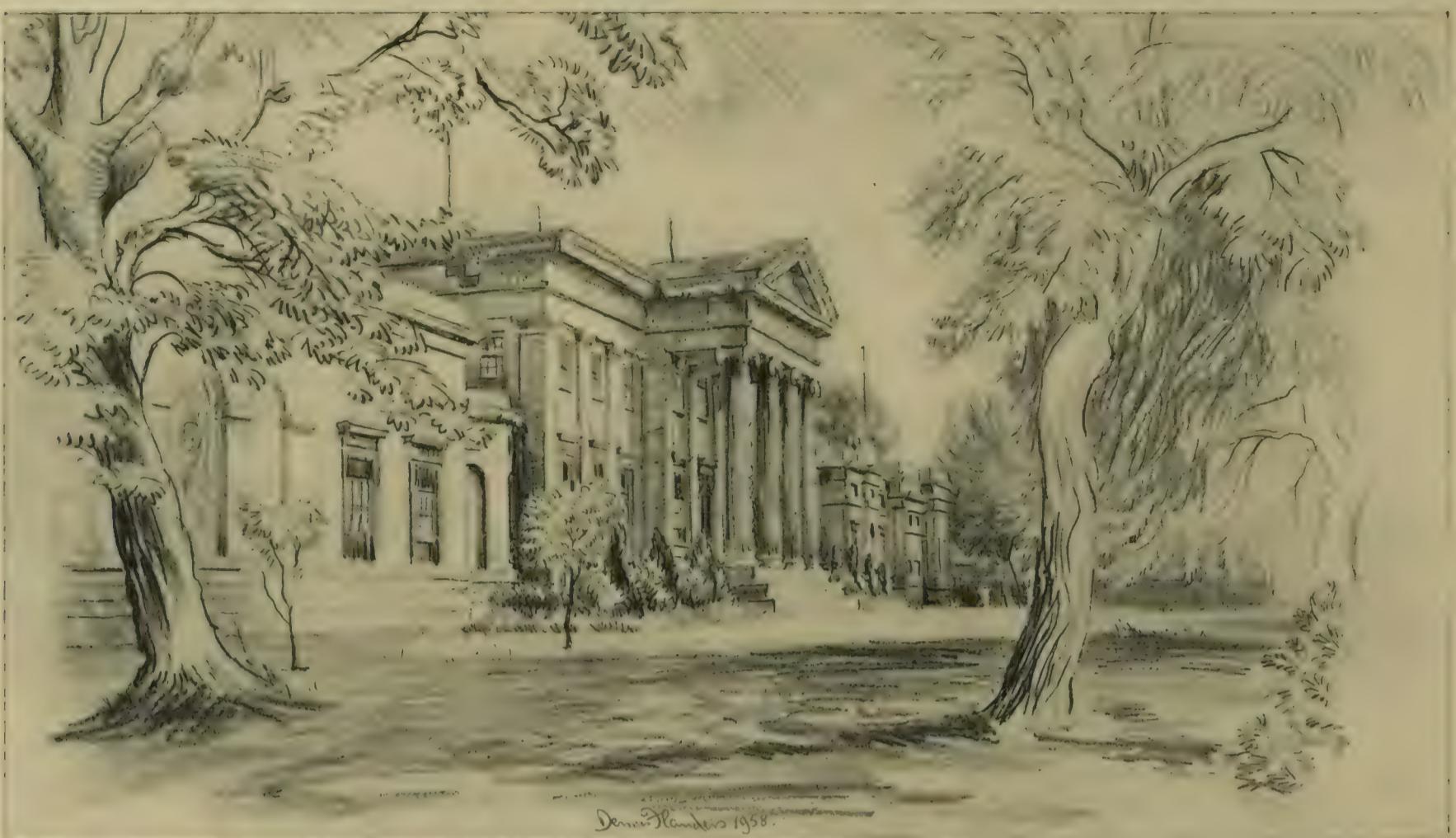
gymnasium, becoming a classroom in 1850. Both rooms have since undergone changes; the roofs of both have been rebuilt (in 1950), and while Big Modern now houses the Library, Big Classical is equipped as a library having been converted in 1951. Following various additions to the College, the Old Chapel, whose pinnacles can be seen at the centre of the drawing, was built between 1856 and 1858. The building continued to be used as the Chapel until 1896, when the

present Chapel—on the left—was dedicated. The Old Chapel was later used as the Library, and was converted to a Dining Hall in 1940, being unveiled and dedicated in 1949 as a Memorial Hall (with new panelling and furniture) commemorating Old Cheltonians who fell in the Second World War—continuing, also, to be used as the Dining Hall. The present Chapel was built as a memorial to the Jubilee of the College, which was attained in 1891, and was originally proposed

by Dr. James, who was Principal from 1889-1895. Designed by an Old Cheltonian, H. A. Prothero, the Chapel contains many notable memorials. The War Memorial Cloister, commemorating Old Cheltonians who fell in the First World War, was dedicated in 1921, forming a link between the Chapel and the other buildings. Further classrooms became available when the Junior School moved to its present building, which was opened in 1909.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

AT CHELTENHAM: THE OLD JUNIOR SCHOOL AND THIRLESTAIN HOUSE.



PURCHASED FOR THE COLLEGE IN 1948: THIRLESTAIN HOUSE, WHICH NOW CONTAINS CLASSROOMS AND ACCOMMODATION FOR COLLEGE STAFF.



THE OLD JUNIOR SCHOOL, THE BIOLOGY LABORATORIES (BEHIND THE TREES) AND, RIGHT, THE ENTRANCE TO THE QUADRANGLE.

The story of Cheltenham College in the years leading up to the Second World War is one of steady expansion, culminating in the formal opening, in July 1939, of the Centenary Building, or, more familiarly, the New Block, which contains classrooms named after the first thirteen Old Cheltonian winners of the V.C. In the same year the Engineering Drawing Office was established, and, on the outbreak of war, the College buildings and houses were taken over by the Government. The College then moved to Shrewsbury, returning to Cheltenham after two terms. During this period of exile the College buildings

remained empty. Among post-war developments at the College have been the reopening of Leconfield House in 1945 and, in 1948, the acquisition of the nearby Thirlestaine House, providing new classrooms, and accommodation for College Staff and a waiting house. Earlier this year a Cheltenham College Appeal was launched—to continue the modernisation of the College buildings which has been going on steadily since the end of the war—and it was recently announced that already a considerable sum had been donated. The new science laboratories are a notable achievement.

Drawings by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

HOW GREAT WAS ALEXANDER?

"THE GENERALSHIP OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT." By MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

OF the three great captains of history—Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon—the first has until recently been by far the worst documented. The balance has, however, of late years been to no inconsiderable extent redressed by Sir William Tarn's biography, and now by this present work. General Fuller writes as an admirer of Alexander, but he does not let his partisanship blind him to his hero's mistakes, though it must be confessed that his approach to Alexander as a soldier is more objective than his approach to Alexander as a statesman: in the latter case he is a little inclined to use the Macedonian's career as an argument against certain modern politicians of whom he does not approve, notably Sir Winston Churchill.

Our ignorance of Alexander as compared with Cæsar and Napoleon is not that so little was written about him by contemporaries, as that so much of what was written has perished, and we are reduced to second- and third-hand accounts of his exploits. His impact upon his own generation was at least as great as, and probably greater than, the other two. Napoleon died in exile amid the wreck of his ambitions, and Cæsar was murdered before his work was done, while at his death Alexander was at the very peak of his greatness. At the same time he had one great advantage over them in that both in civil and military matters the way had been prepared for him by his father.

General Fuller is prepared to rate Alexander very highly indeed:

Genius is a baffling word. It is neither high talent, nor outstanding intelligence, nor is it the product of learning, or of discipline or training. It is, so it would seem, a creative gift, intuitive and spontaneous in its manifestations, that endows its possessor with a god-like power to achieve ends which reason can seldom fathom. It is neither capable of analysis nor explicable, it is solely demonstrative, and from the very opening of Alexander's reign we are brought face to face with genius in its highest flights...

Should there be an ingredient which affirms his genius, it is the startling rapidity with which he always acted: no situation caused him to pause; all difficulties were immediately stormed; though risks were immense, to him success seemed foreordained. Time was his constant ally; he capitalised every moment, never pondered on it, and thereby achieved his end before others had settled on their means.

Alexander inherited from his father a first-class military machine, which he himself kept always in the best of order, though he never made the mistake of thinking that it could not be improved, for he was continually making changes to adapt it to meet the different circumstances which it was being called upon to face. The Macedonian discipline must really have been of the very highest, for no troops who were not highly disciplined could have behaved as the phalanx did at Arbela when it opened its ranks to let the Persian chariots through, and then closed them again allowing the formations in the rear to dispose of the enemy, now cut off from their main body. In effect, Alexander gave proof that he had a more receptive mind than Napoleon by the way in which he handled his forces on the battlefield, for the French Emperor never varied his tactics, which were based on a belief in the invincibility of the column in spite of the lessons of the Peninsular War, so that Wellington could write after Waterloo, "Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style." Such criticism could never have been levelled at Alexander. Familiarity with victory never bred contempt for his opponents.

In this respect it is Wellington, rather than Napoleon, who should be compared with Alexander,

for the Iron Duke showed the same ability to grasp with rapidity the lessons of very varied types of warfare—in his case in Denmark, in India, in the Peninsula, and in the Low Countries. There are, indeed, only two black marks against him: one was his failure to follow up his victories, which was largely due to the defects of the British cavalry, and the other was that he was strategically surprised by the French Emperor at the beginning of the Waterloo campaign. There were no black marks at all against Alexander as a soldier.

Alexander is distinguished from all the great generals in that he was uniformly successful in every type of war. Others have equalled him as the winners of pitched battles and great sieges, but few have also been called upon to undertake what throughout the history of war have, time and again, proved to be the most intricate and difficult operations: the quelling of national risings and revolts, the suppression of partisans and guerrillas, the conquest of warlike hill tribes and fleet desert nomads, and the policing and pacification of conquered territories of every description, all of which may be listed under the title of "Small Wars." Yet, in all these fluid, loosely organised and involved operations, Alexander was as successful as in his great battles and

masterly. In this, incidentally, he may be compared with Wellington, rather than with Marlborough or Napoleon, who were essentially land animals.

As a statesman Alexander must also rank very high, and Napoleon has left on record his admiration for the Macedonian's "political sense" in that "he possessed the art of winning the affection of the people." This is praise from a somewhat unexpected quarter, for during the latter part of his career the French Emperor dissipated that legacy of

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER.

General Fuller, late of the Oxfordshire and Bucks Light Infantry, served in the South African War and in the 1914-18 War. Born in 1878, he retired in 1933, since when he has added numerous publications to the considerable number of books he had written while serving. Between 1954 and 1956 he published the three volumes of "The Decisive Battles of the Western World and their Influence upon History."

goodwill towards his country which had been built up in the earlier years of the French Revolution. It would truly have been impossible for Alexander, with the limited resources at his disposal, to have overcome the military power of Persia had he not possessed this particular gift. Without a friendly population in his rear he would, as the author points out, have had to garrison every city and province he occupied, as well as every mile of his communications, with the result that long before he could have reached the centre of his enemy's empire his fighting forces would have been whittled down to insignificance.

He was, it must be admitted, fortunate in two respects. The first was that he was dealing with an Oriental monarchy in full decay: the nakedness of the land had been exposed by Xenophon and his Ten Thousand, and the centrifugal forces in the Persian Empire had certainly not diminished

since then, while Darius III was a definite liability to any army of which he was in command. Alexander's second great asset was the fact that as a political instrument polytheism is superior to monotheism, and because of this he was able to sacrifice to the local gods everywhere without laying himself open to any charge of hypocrisy, while had he been a Christian or a Moslem, he would probably have destroyed the idols at such places as Tyre, Memphis, and Babylon, and thereby insulted their worshippers. The "fifth column" which contributed so largely to his conquest of Egypt was in no small measure due to the desecration of the Egyptian temples by the Persians and the slaying of the sacred bull, *Apis*, by Cambyses and Artaxerxes III.

General Fuller finds it hard to believe that had Alexander lived to a riper age—he was only thirty-two when he died—"he would have set out to conquer the lands bordering the Mediterranean," since there was so much to do by way of consolidation in the vast area that he had already won. The author may be right, and speculation is futile, but conquerors who have known where to stop are very rare in the world's history.

He will be a churlish reader who is dissatisfied with the fare provided for him in this erudite and challenging work, but a few pages about the part played by Alexander's generals would not have come amiss. How, for instance, do they compare with Cæsar's captains and Napoleon's marshals? The maps and plans could not be better.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 540 of this issue.



ALEXANDER THE GREAT FROM A COIN OF LYSIMACHUS.



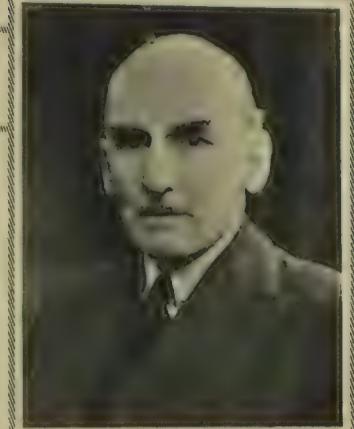
THE TEL OR MOUND OF KERAMLAIS FROM WHICH A FULL VIEW IS OBTAINED OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF ARBELA.



THE SCENE OF A SIEGE DURING ALEXANDER'S SWAT CAMPAIGN: PIR-SAR FROM THE NORTH-WEST. Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Generalship of Alexander the Great"; by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

sieges; it is because his generalship was put to so universal a test that he takes his place at the head of the great captains.

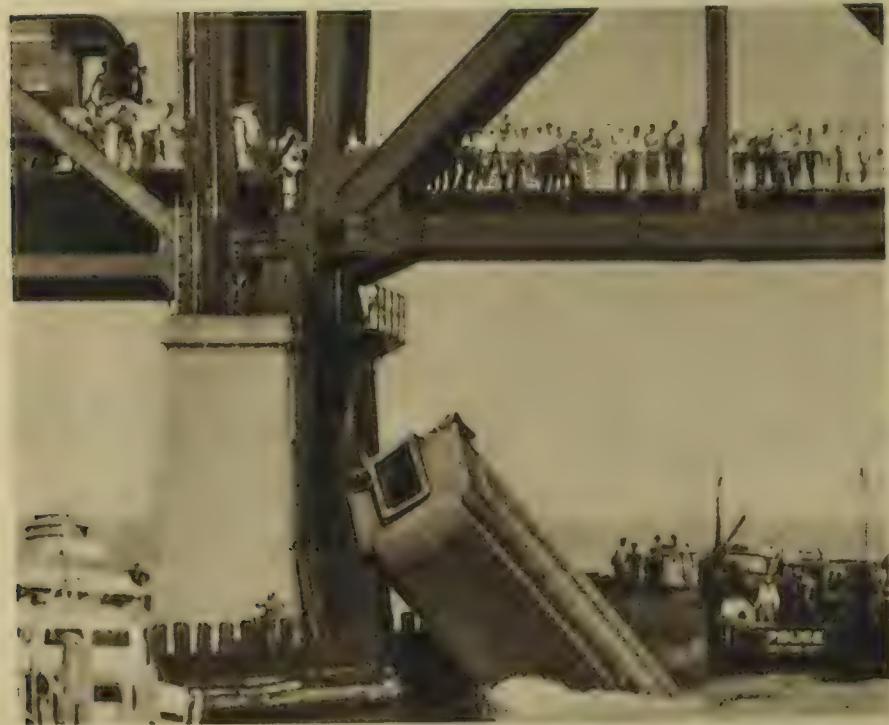
The author might also have included among Alexander's qualities his knowledge of what to-day are termed "combined operations," for he thoroughly appreciated the value of sea-power, and his handling of his fleet was at all times



THE RAIL DISASTER IN NEW JERSEY: A TRAIN PLUNGES INTO NEWARK BAY.



THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER ON SEPTEMBER 15: RIVER CRAFT GATHERED ROUND THE LIFT BRIDGE IN NEWARK BAY TO AID IN THE RESCUE OPERATIONS.



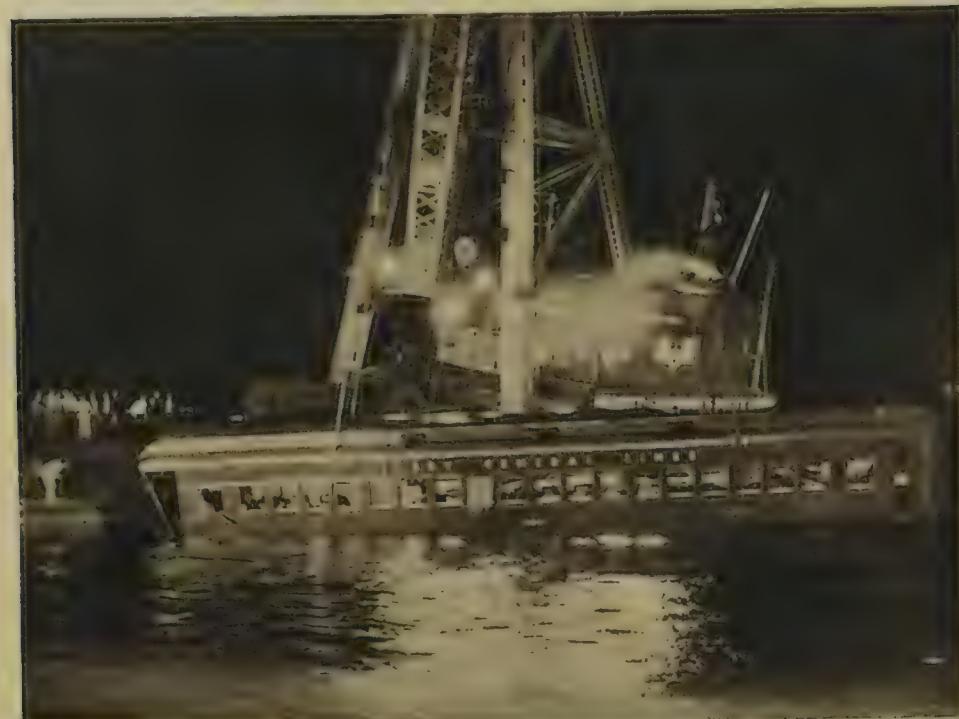
SOME TIME AFTER THE ACCIDENT: THE THIRD COACH—FROM WHICH A CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF PEOPLE WERE RESCUED—PLUNGING INTO THE WATER.



HANGING HALF SUBMERGED FROM THE PARTIALLY OPEN LIFT BRIDGE: THE THIRD COACH OF THE TRAIN, WHICH LATER ALSO FELL INTO THE BAY.



SEVERELY DAMAGED BY ITS PLUNGE INTO NEWARK BAY: ONE OF THE TRAIN'S TWO DIESEL ENGINES, AFTER BEING RAISED TO THE SURFACE.



JUST EMERGING FROM THE WATER: THE SECOND COACH, IN WHICH THE BODIES OF TWELVE MEN AND ONE WOMAN WERE FOUND. OVER FORTY PEOPLE DIED IN THE CRASH.



STUDYING THE SAFETY DEVICE THAT FAILED TO BE EFFECTIVE: OFFICIALS LOOKING AT THE DERAILING DEVICE 500 FT. FROM THE OPENING ON THE BRIDGE.

At 10 a.m. on September 15 a Central Railroad of New Jersey passenger train, travelling between Bayonne and Elizabeth, in New Jersey, came to disaster on the partially open lift bridge over Newark Bay. While the train was approaching the bridge, the portion over the deep-water channel had been opened according to routine to let through a dredge. The train ran past three automatic warning signals and when it was finally derailed by a device 500 ft. from the opening it was going at such speed that it hurtled onwards, and the two engines and first two coaches plunged 40 ft. into the water. The third coach remained hanging from the bridge, half submerged, and two

coaches stayed on the bridge. At the time of the accident the lift portion of the bridge was already closing. Rescue operations were immediately put in hand, and many of those in the third coach were rescued before it, too, plunged into the water. The majority of those who died were in the second coach. By September 17 all three coaches had been raised, and a total of twenty-seven bodies had been recovered, but nineteen other people believed to have been on the train were still missing. Among the bodies recovered was that of the sixty-three-year-old engine-driver, and the findings of a post mortem supported the supposition that he was having a heart attack as he passed the signals.

THE INTERPOL GENERAL ASSEMBLY; AND OTHER HOME NEWS IN PICTURES.



THE MASTER CUTLER UNVEILS "THE MASTER CUTLER": SIR FREDERICK PICKWORTH REVEALING THE TRAIN NAME-PLATE OF A NEW DIESEL-DRAWN LONDON-SHEFFIELD PULLMAN SERVICE. In the early morning of September 16, at Sheffield, the Master Cutler, Sir Frederick Pickworth, unveiled "The Master Cutler," a 2000-h.p. English Electric locomotive drawing a newly inaugurated Pullman train for a new fast service between Sheffield and King's Cross.



TO BE UNVEILED BY THE QUEEN ON OCTOBER 23: THE NEW BROOKWOOD MEMORIAL TO MEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH FORCES WHO HAVE NO KNOWN GRAVE.

This memorial, designed by Mr. R. Hobday, has been built by the Imperial War Graves Commission to commemorate and record the names of 3500 men and women of the Commonwealth land forces who died during the Second World War at sea, in raids and missions mounted from the U.K. or on active service outside the main theatres of war, and who have no known grave.



INTERPOL AT WESTMINSTER: MR. R. A. BUTLER, RIGHT, OPENING THE TWENTY-SEVENTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE COMMISSION AT CHURCH HOUSE ON SEPTEMBER 15. More than 100 delegates from forty-six of the sixty-two police organisations of the world who are members of Interpol, met on Sept. 15. Replying to Mr. Butler's welcome, the President, Senhor Laurencio (Portugal), spoke of Scotland Yard as the cathedral of all the police forces of the world.



DIVERTING THE EBBW: THE SCENE AT ROGERSTONE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, SHOWING THE EBBW (RIGHT) AND THE CHANNEL TO WHICH IT WAS BEING DIVERTED (LEFT).

In order to gain 7 acres of land for an extension of their aluminium plant at Rogerstone, the Northern Aluminium Co. have arranged the diversion of the meandering Ebbw into a new quarter of a mile man-made channel. This is part of a £10,000,000 extension programme.



ATTENDING THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN DAY SERVICE ON VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, ON SEPTEMBER 15: MEMBERS OF THAT NOBLE LITTLE BAND, "THE FEW." Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, who was Commander-in-Chief, Fighter Command, during the Battle of Britain days in 1940, was there to lay a wreath on the Royal Air Force Memorial. The wreath was donated by the Battle of Britain Fighter Association, of which Lord Dowding is first President. Many relatives of "The Few" attended the ceremony.



IN PROGRESS AT MESSRS. H. R. HARMER'S IN NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, ON SEPTEMBER 16:

AN AUCTION OF £250,000 WORTH OF STAMPS.

Five hundred bidders took part, most of them by letter, in this stamp auction. That old favourite of stamp collectors, the 1d. black, held its own against rarer and more colourful stamps. One of these stamps, after lively bidding, went for £7, and a strip of four, though two were cut at the bottom, for £18 10s.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A GREAT AMERICAN COLLECTION OF ENGLISH POTTERY.

ON more than one occasion during the past five years I have referred to the remarkable collection of English pottery lovingly acquired over many years by the late Mr. and Mrs. Burnap, of Kansas City, and presented by them to the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art. The illustrated catalogue, issued in 1953—which had a flattering reference to *The Illustrated London News* and myself—made it abundantly clear to anyone with half an eye, that the 1500 pieces represented a splendid cross-section of the whole range of English pottery from the seventeenth to the early nineteenth centuries. Since then numerous important pieces have been added, both before and since the recent death of Mr. Frank Burnap (well into his nineties and the keenest of collectors until the end), and the Gallery has sent me photographs of many of them, several of which I recognise as having passed through the London Auction Rooms. One or two actually appeared on this page before or after the sale without my knowing their eventual destination, though it was not difficult to make a shrewd guess.

Among them was a fine charger of Lambeth Delft dated 1668, showing a yacht which could be identified as the yacht belonging to Charles II; this had been bought years ago for £12 10s., and when it came up at auction it realised £1550. As we have magnificent collections of pottery in England I rarely grudge anyone else the pleasure of owning whatever comes on the market, but I confess I was sorry to learn that so exceptional a piece had crossed the Atlantic instead of finding its way down the river to the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. It remains for me to congratulate Kansas City upon a Delft charger which is not only a fine example of the work of

pursuits open to simple men before scientific methods were possible, the control of a kiln would come high up on the list. But though there will always be people who much prefer the fragile delicacy of porcelain, many others become entranced by the surprising vigour of the pioneers and would as soon live with this absurd horseman by John Astbury (Fig. 1) from Staffordshire in c. 1740 as with the noblest sophisticated model

spouts and, in this case, the little lion finial of the lid would have to be moulded separately. Because of their awkward shapes these can never show the same clear pattern as that of the main body. Whether the result was worth all this elaborate procedure is a matter of individual taste; in any case, it was soon found that painted salt glaze was at once gayer and cheaper; and later still, before the end of the eighteenth century, there were the large-scale innovations of Josiah Wedgwood and others.

How odd it is to realise that something very like this solid agate ware had been produced a thousand years previously in China during the T'ang Dynasty!—no possible connection, of course. Two other pieces of agate ware in the Burnap collection are thought to be unique. One is a pair of hawks, modelled with great simplicity, in which the texture of the feathers is very skilfully suggested by the striations in the clay; the other is a plate incised on the back 1746, and apparently the only dated agate ware piece known.

Interesting and important though these two Staffordshire pieces are, I take more pleasure in the various pieces of Lambeth Delft from the latter part of the seventeenth century, though goodness knows these can be clumsy enough. But it is a clumsiness of drawing, not of modelling or moulding, and the drawing, though untutored and occasionally feeble, is rarely insipid—the besetting sin of the fashionable, much admired late eighteenth-century porcelain painters. Fig. 2 seems to me an unusually lively example of sinewy slapdash draughtsmanship in which the painter has made excellent use of the area at his disposal—and it is quite a large area, as this dish—or charger, as is the usual term—is 13 ins. in diameter. (I have no description of this piece from the gallery, and herewith guess that it is



FIG. 1. "THERE IS ACTUALLY SOME STRANGE MAGIC IN THE THING ITSELF": A POTTERY FIGURE OF A HORSEMAN BY JOHN ASTBURY—STAFFORDSHIRE, c. 1730-40. (Height, 9 ins.)

by J. J. Kaendler made of Meissen porcelain at about the same time. Nor is it merely because horse and rider are funny and so unlikeness, or because, as soon as one has acquired a rudimentary knowledge of pottery development, one realises that this quite complicated model represents an important step forward. There is actually some strange magic in the thing itself, some earthy primeval virtue which raises it above the category of crude and fumbling caricature.

The teapot of Fig. 3—agate ware—is a further addition to many notable pieces of this highly specialised type in the collection. It had a very brief popularity in the middle of the eighteenth century, but the tedious method of its manufacture made it over-costly. The pattern is made not, as one might imagine, by painting externally, but is part of the substance of the clay; the striations go right through the body. Both Astbury and Whieldon are credited with its development. Later, agate ware was imitated by surface painting, but this is generally classified in the books as "marbleised." This early solid agate ware was made by placing several layers of variously coloured clays one above the other and then doubling them over or rolling them up according to the required design. Then the mass of clay would be cut through transversely with a wire—once, twice, and more if particularly fine veining was the object. Thin slices (known to the potter as "bats") were carefully cut from the lump and pressed into moulds. Handles and



FIG. 3. AN AGATE WARE POTTERY TEAPOT OF c. 1750. THESE THREE PIECES OF ENGLISH POTTERY ARE RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE BURNAP COLLECTION WHICH FRANK DAVIS DISCUSSES IN HIS ARTICLE. (Height, 5 ins.)



FIG. 2. ONE OF A PAIR IN THE BURNAP COLLECTION AT THE WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI: A LAMBETH DELFT CHARGER OF 1672. (Diameter, 13 ins.)

the Lambeth pothouse, but also one which has this unique connection with shipbuilding and the court.

I know many people for whom these early, naïve rusticities of a struggling peasant industry are too crude by half; they write them off as mere folk art, and point out that they are as far removed from the charming sophistication of Chelsea or Bow or Worcester as the traditional decoration of a barge is from Gainsborough. The flaw in this comparison is to be found in the fact that, whereas Gainsborough would have happened if no bargee had ever painted his floating home, it is doubtful whether the English, or any other ceramic industry, would have flourished as it did if several generations of humble experimenters had not tried their hands at something beyond their reach. Know-how in so chancy a craft is not acquired easily, and I would guess that of all the hazardous

meant to represent Catherine of Braganza.) But the great charm about English Delft—or, for that matter, Dutch Delft, or—what is technically the same process, Italian Maiolica or French or German Faience—is the gaiety made possible by the glaze of tin-oxide in which the ware was dipped after its first firing. This, when dry, could be—and frequently was—painted in a wide range of colours; chiefly blue, but also yellow, orange, green and manganese purple. Very little table ware has survived, as both glaze and body were extremely brittle. The result is that we are liable to draw a faulty conclusion from the high proportion of comparatively large-scale "souvenir" pieces such as this which have come down to us, and to imagine that the several factories—mainly Lambeth and Bristol and later Liverpool—which produced so-called Delft were not greatly concerned with table ware. This was surely not the case. It was produced in quantity and was very popular.

SCULPTURE FROM NEW GUINEA: A COLLECTION SHOWN IN AMSTERDAM.



REPRESENTING A MYTHICAL ANCESTOR: A PAINTED WOODEN MASK AT THE CENTRE OF A SHIELD SURMOUNTING THE PROW OF A BOAT FROM THE SEPIK REGION. (Length, 11 ins.)



EXTREMELY SIMPLE YET MARVELLOUSLY EXPRESSIVE: A HUMAN FACE—ONE OF THE RELIEF CARVINGS DECORATING A SEPIK WOODEN SACRED DRUM.



A SEPIK WOODEN FAMILY-SHRINE SHAPED AS A SEAT, THE BACK REPRESENTING AN ANCESTOR FIGURE, DECORATED WITH INLAID COWRIE SHELLS, PIGS' TEETH, FEATHERS, HAIR, AND A BEARD MADE OF HUMAN HAIR. (Height, 40½ ins.)



REMINISCENT OF A GREEK MASK OF TRAGEDY: A PLAITED RATTAN MASK WITH BODICE BELONGING TO A SECRET SOCIETY FROM THE SEPIK AREA. IT IS COVERED WITH LIME, INLAID WITH COWRIE SHELLS AND FRINGED WITH HUMAN HAIR.

Under the title "In the Thrall of the Ancestor" nearly four hundred varied and fascinating examples of native art from Australian New Guinea are being shown in an exhibition at the Royal Tropical Institute in Amsterdam. These pieces are from the collection left to the Institute by the late Dr. Paul Wirz, the well-known Swiss anthropologist, who died in New Guinea in 1955. Dr. Wirz, who was born in Moscow, studied

in Switzerland and then spent many years in New Guinea, living among the aborigines, collecting their art and writing about them. He spent most of his time in the Sepik River area, in the north-east of the island, and the four pieces illustrated here are all from that region. They give a vivid impression of the powerful imagination of the aborigines, and of their ability to express themselves in their practice of ancestor worship.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THERE are gardeners who seem to be prepared to go to any lengths in labour and expense to ensure that no daisies—not a solitary one—shall

ever intrude upon their lawns, whilst there are others who rather welcome them. Personally, I belong to the latter class. To me there is something dull, monotonous, almost inhuman, about what the perfectionist lawn-maker regards as the perfect lawn. I am not a golfer. Never have been. The name golf always reminds me of a definition of the game which I once heard—"Old gentlemen chasing little white balls when they are too old to chase anything else." But I am not quite truthful in saying that I never played golf. Many years ago I spent several months carrying out garden work on an estate which possessed a private golf-course, and where everyone, from the millionaire owner to the

garden boy's under-study, was a golf enthusiast. So I felt that perhaps I ought to be in the movement, and accordingly scrounged a collection of formidable-looking clubs—and started in. But I gave it up when my garden work was completed. One reason for this was that although my approaches and putting astonished the estate's private professional coach, my driving was deplorable. Probably if I had brought off one dramatic drive, right in the seat of the bags, so to speak, I would have remained a golfer to this day. But I never did. Another reason was that although I never deliberately drove into the rough, I found those regions far more interesting, botanically, than the fairway and the greens.

At places like Wimbleton, St. Andrews and Hoylake perfectly-mown weedless turf is essential, a reasonable, logical ideal. But who wants such daisy-less lawns in their own gardens? Quite a lot of people, I suspect. But I can imagine the gardens where that type of perfection is aimed at could be deplorably tedious and lacking in true beauty and charm.

I remember a charming anecdote in connection with King George V and his attitude towards daisies growing in a lawn. I was visiting a garden in Scotland shortly after the King had been staying there, and my hostess told me how he had remarked on the profusion of daisies spangling a lawn. "I expect," he said, "they are all wrong, but I must say I think they're awfully jolly." A truly delightful, natural judgment. A garden without a single weed, if such a thing could exist, would surely be a terrible thing. The idea of an utterly weedless garden reminds me of that deathless remark in a book whose title escapes me: "A reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog: it keeps him from brodin' over bein' a dog."

The lawns in my garden are full of weeds, if the definition of a

DAISIES IN THE LAWN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

weed—a plant in the wrong place—is a correct one. In addition to grass there are a splendid lot of daisies, a sprinkling of plantains, some jolly patches of the white clover, a few buttercups of sorts, and doubtless, if I set to work to seek them out and identify them, a dozen or more other species. In one lawn on which stands a large stone trough rock garden, some hearty patches of thyme, *Thymus serpyllum*, have put in an appearance, from seeds spilled down from the trough garden. But to my regret they seldom flower, being unable to compete with the lawn mower. But occasionally, during spells of dry weather at the thyme's season for flowering, the mower remains in retirement long enough to give the thymes a chance to show what they can do.

A most charming unofficial lawn plant is the rapidly-creeping *Veronica filiformis*. In one

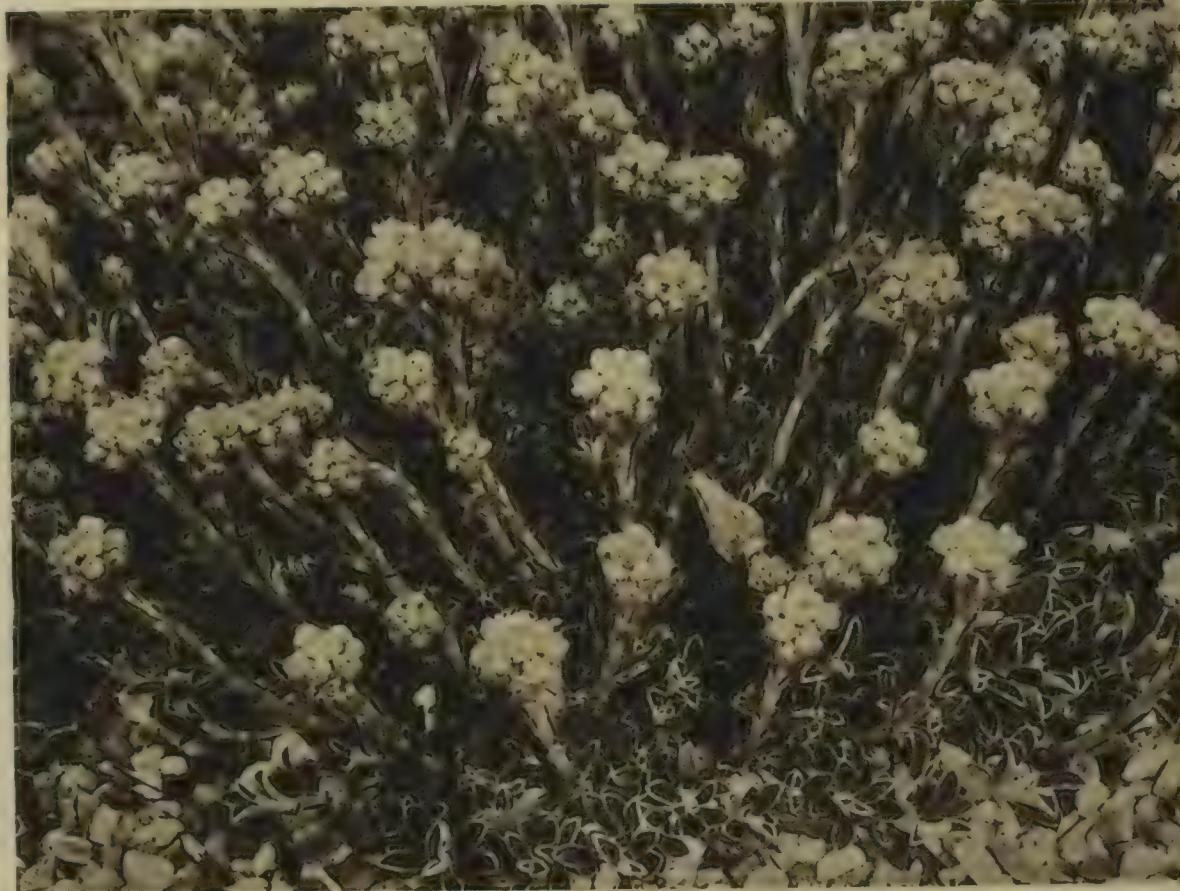
Cotswold garden in particular this plant has escaped from a rock garden bordering on a lawn, and spread over many square yards, running in and out and through the lawn grass, and keeping so low and compact that few but all-grass-lawn fiends would notice it. But in due season, it makes its presence charmingly welcome by producing millions of intensely pure blue flowers almost exactly like the flowers of the germander veronica, *Veronica chamaedrys*. Fortunately, the owner of this outbreak is a true plant-lover, and appreciates the floral charm for its own sake, even if it occurs in unplanned, unconventional places. I have no doubt that there are many dwarf creeping plants which might be transferred from, or allowed to wander from, the rock garden into the lawn, by such gardeners as have the courage to break with conventional garden usage.

The creeping silver-leaved antennarias might well be tried, and so, too, might some of the dwarfer linarias, especially that smallest of all the toad-flaxes, *Linaria aquitrioloba*. An interesting field for experiment, and for a start a relatively small plot of lawn might be set aside for the purpose. It is probable that quite a number of seemingly promising creeping plants would fail to stand up to the repeated attentions of the lawn mower, whilst others would no doubt get out of hand and allow their enthusiasm for lawn life to outrun their discretion.

At Knebworth, in Hertfordshire, a friend of mine tried the experiment of making a lawn entirely of thymes, an assortment of varieties of the creeping *Thymus serpyllum*, white-flowered, crimson, the normal wild type with heather-coloured flowers, and so on. It was quite an extensive affair, and had very great interest and charm. It had the advantage of never needing mowing. But, on the other hand, it had to be hand-weeded regularly and pretty often. Weeds growing

more than an inch or two high looked terribly conspicuous in that close, even sward of thyme.

Three years ago I tried an experiment on the daisies-in-lawn theme. Realising that there were and would be daisies there, I decided that I might as well have the best, so bought and broadcast seeds of a good strain of double daisies. The following year the plants flowered with most dramatic effect. But for some reason they died out. There were no flowers after that first summer's display, and I am, on the whole, a little relieved. For one thing, my conscientious gardener spent too much time dodging round the ridiculous pink and crimson colonies with the lawn mower. Greatly though I delight in daisies in the lawn, I learned that one can have too much of a good thing, and that the finest are not necessarily the most desirable—at least, not on all occasions and in all places.



ONE OF THE CARPETERS WHICH MIGHT BE ALLOWED TO INTRUDE ON THE NOT-TOO-FORMAL LAWN: THE CAT'S EAR, *ANTENNARIA DIOICA*, HERE SEEN IN FLOWER.

Cat's ear is a British native, though commoner in the north than in the south; and the flowers, though pretty in either pink or white, are its least interesting feature. It is the leaf rosettes which are the particular charm. The individual leaves are hardish in texture and a dark greyish-green in colour. The underside, however, is white and woolly, and owing to the shape of the leaves shows as a narrow outline to each leaf, making a distinct and even vivid pattern. To anyone who has seen it growing beside the upper Tees it remains a living memory. (Photograph by D. F. Merrett.)

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A GREAT RADIO WRITER:
THE LATE MR. TED KAVANAGH.
Mr. Henry Edward ("Ted") Kavanagh, whose scripts for the B.C.C. radio programme *Itma*, in which Tommy Handley played the leading part, enjoyed tremendous popularity during the Second World War, died in London on September 17. He was aged sixty-six. Mr. Kavanagh was born in Auckland, New Zealand.



AN ENCHANTING ACTRESS:
THE LATE MISS YVONNE ARNAUD.
Miss Yvonne Arnaud, an actress beloved by London's theatre-goers, died on September 20. She was aged sixty-seven. She was born at Bordeaux in 1890 and toured Europe and the United States as a child prodigy at the piano. She then came to London and turned from the piano to the stage.



ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY: DR. C. MALEK.
Dr. Charles Malek, Foreign Minister of Lebanon, was elected the new President of the United Nations General Assembly on September 16. Dr. Malek received 45 votes, his rival—Mr. Mohamed Mahgoub, Foreign Minister of Sudan—receiving 31. Mr. Mahgoub was supported by the Arab League and the Soviet bloc. Five countries did not vote. The election took place at the opening of the General Assembly's thirteenth annual session.



A FAMOUS RACING DRIVER: THE LATE MR. PETER WHITEHEAD.
Mr. Peter Whitehead, the popular racing motorist, died after the Jaguar car he was driving skidded and crashed into a 35-ft. ravine during the Automobile Tour de France rally on September 21. His brother, Mr. Alfred Whitehead, was his co-driver in the race, and was slightly injured.



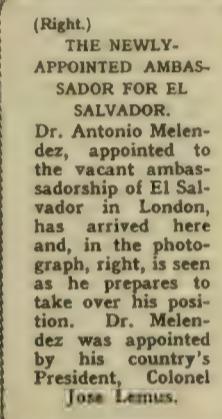
RADIOACTIVE RESEARCH:
THE LATE PROF. FRIEDRICH ADOLF PANETH.
Prof. F. A. Paneth, F.R.S., Director of the Max-Planck Institute of Chemistry, died in Vienna on September 17, aged 71. He was one of the first to realise the value of radioactive materials as indicators to solve various scientific problems. He came to England from Germany in the 1930's.



(Left.)
ARTIST AND CRITIC:
THE LATE MR. STEPHEN BONE.
Mr. Stephen Bone, the well-known painter and art critic, died in London on Sept. 15, aged 53. Son of Sir Muirhead Bone, he studied at the Slade School and worked widely as a landscape and portrait painter and as an illustrator. In 1948 he became the *Manchester Guardian's* Art Critic.



A NOTABLE DIPLOMATIC MEETING AT LUNCH-TIME: MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES AND MR. SELWYN LLOYD SEEN IN NEW YORK.
Mr. John Foster Dulles, America's Secretary of State, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, British Foreign Secretary, are pictured together when they met on September 16 to discuss the motions to be placed before the thirteenth Annual General Assembly of the United Nations.



(Right.)
THE NEWLY-APPOINTED AMBASSADOR FOR EL SALVADOR.
Dr. Antonio Melendez, appointed to the vacant ambassadorship of El Salvador in London, has arrived here and, in the photograph, right, is seen as he prepares to take over his position. Dr. Melendez was appointed by his country's President, Colonel Jose Lemus.



(Left.)
THE NEW ARGENTINE AMBASSADOR.
Photographed at the Argentine Embassy in London is Rear Admiral Teodoro Hartung, who was recently appointed Argentine Ambassador in this country. The photograph was taken shortly after Rear Admiral Hartung arrived to take up residence with his wife and daughter. The retiring Ambassador is Mr. Alberto Maria Candioti.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE AT NEW GUY'S HOUSE, THE SURGICAL BLOCK FORMING THE FIRST PART OF THE REBUILDING OF GUY'S HOSPITAL: VISCOUNT NUFFIELD.
On September 19 Lord Nuffield, described by the Minister of Health during the ceremony as "a great humanist," laid the foundation-stone of the new surgical block at Guy's Hospital.



MEMBERS OF THE M.C.C. TOURING PARTY AS THEY LEAVE FOR AUSTRALIA.
This photograph was taken as the M.C.C. team left for Australia from Tilbury, Essex, aboard the P. & O. liner *Iberia* on September 20. Among the party are shown, from left to right: Roy Swetman, Peter Loader, Frank Tyson, Peter May (captain), and behind him Godfrey Evans; Captain H. Mallett, Master of the *Iberia*, the Duke of Norfolk, President of the M.C.C., Tony Lock, Freddie Truman, Arthur Milton, Trevor Bailey, Willie Watson, Ronnie Aird, Secretary of the M.C.C.; Tom Graveney, behind him, Peter Richardson and team manager Freddie Brown.



THE NEW PERSIAN AMBASSADOR TO LONDON ARRIVES: MR. HUSSAIN GHODS-NAKHAII.
The newly-appointed Ambassador arrived on September 19 with his six-year-old daughter Mina. He has twice previously represented his country in London, both before and during the Second World War. His son is now studying medicine at Middlesex Hospital.

THE ROVING CAMERA: MOTORING, POLITICAL AND MARINE NEWS.



AFTER A COLLISION IN THE GULF OF OMAN RESULTING IN OVER TWENTY DEATHS: THE BLAZING FRENCH TANKER FERNAND GILABERT.



A ROYAL NAVAL HELICOPTER HOVERING OVER THE DAMAGED LIBERIAN-REGISTERED TANKER MELIKA AFTER HER COLLISION WITH THE FERNAND GILABERT.

Twenty-two men were reported dead or missing after a collision between two tankers—the French *Fernand Gilabert* and the Liberian-registered *Melika*—in the Gulf of Oman on September 13. The *Bulwark* and the British frigates *Puma*, *Loch Killisport* and *St. Bride's Bay* went to the rescue, bringing under control the fires which had broken out. The two tankers were towed away by naval vessels, the crews of which may later receive some salvage money.



TESTING A NEW TYPE OF CAR: THE GENERAL MOTORS EXPERIMENTAL FIREBIRD III, DRIVEN BY A GAS-TURBINE ENGINE, ON PROVING-GROUNDS AT MESA, ARIZONA.



A STRIKING FEATURE OF THE FIREBIRD III: THE CONTROL LEVER, WHICH REPLACES STEERING-WHEEL, BRAKE AND ACCELERATOR PEDALS.

The General Motors experimental *Firebird III*, which is driven by a rear-mounted gas-turbine engine and controlled by a lever which replaces steering-wheel, and brake and accelerator pedals, is being tested at Mesa, Arizona. There is also a 10-h.p. piston engine to power the car's many accessories. Many of the controls are electronically operated.



IN CAIRO: FARHAT ABBAS, THE ALGERIAN NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT LEADER, PROCLAIMING THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF THE ALGERIAN REPUBLIC.

The formation of a provisional Government of the Algerian Republic was proclaimed in Cairo by Farhat Abbas, the F.L.N. leader, on September 19—shortly before the French constitutional referendum was to be held. Farhat Abbas was designated Prime Minister, and the new Government was swiftly recognised by the United Arab Republic, Tunisia, Morocco, Libya, Pakistan, Iraq, and the Yemen.



AT ROTTERDAM: QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS PRESSES A BUTTON TO BEGIN THE CONSTRUCTION OF A LARGE NEW PORT.

On Rozenburg Island, at Rotterdam, on September 13, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands pressed a button to set in motion the first dredger for the construction of Rotterdam's large new port, which will be capable of receiving ocean liners and is to be known as Europort.

NEWS OF SEA AND AIR: FROM THE R.A.F.'S
FIRST THOR TO A FLEXIBLE BARGE.



NOW IN SERVICE WITH THE ROYAL NAVY: H.M.S. ECHO, THE FIRST OF THE "ECHO" CLASS INSHORE SURVEY CRAFT. SHE WAS COMMISSIONED AT PORTSMOUTH ON SEPTEMBER 22. Built to carry out coastal and harbour hydrographic surveys around the coasts of the British Isles, H.M.S. *Echo* was launched from the yard of Messrs. J. S. White and Co. Ltd., at Cowes, on May 1, and has now been commissioned in the Royal Navy.



DURING THE FLY-PAST WHICH FOLLOWED THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL: DELTA-WINGED GLOSTER JAVELIN JET FIGHTERS FLYING OVER ST. PAUL'S. The annual Battle of Britain thanksgiving service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sept. 21, and was followed by a fly-past, led by a Hurricane and a Spitfire. More than 1,147,000 people visited the thirty-four R.A.F. stations which were "at home" to the public on the Saturday.



AT A SITE IN NORFOLK: THE R.A.F.'S FIRST, THOR BALLISTIC MISSILE WHICH WAS HANDED OVER TO NO. 77 STRATEGIC MISSILE SQUADRON OF R.A.F. BOMBER COMMAND. On September 19 the R.A.F. received its first American-built Thor intermediate-range ballistic missile. Sixty-five feet long, it was carried to the site from an American base some miles away on a 90-ft.-long transporter, specially built to carry the rocket, and having a

driver at the back as well as at the front. The Thor's nuclear war-head will remain in American hands. There will be no practice firings in this country, and it will need a joint decision by the British and American Governments to fire the missile in this country.

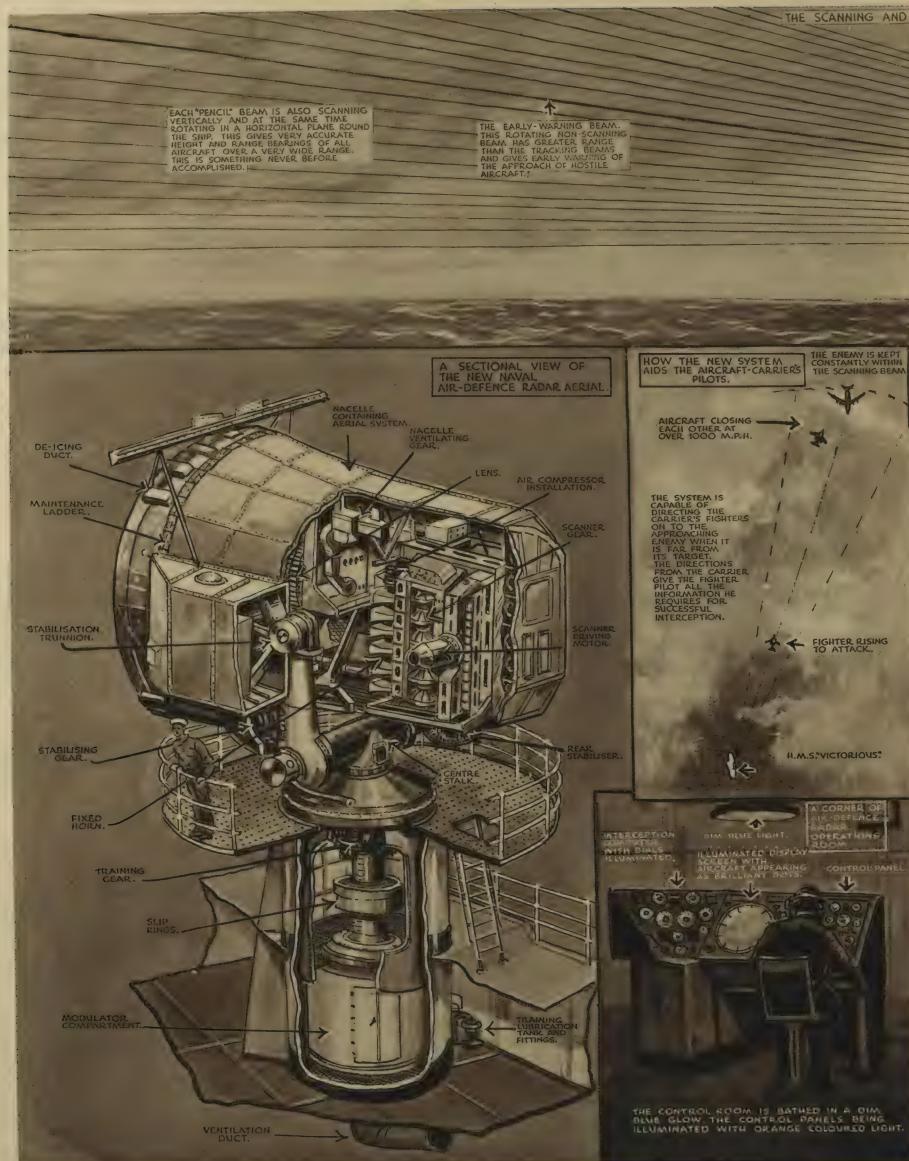


AT ITS FIRST PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION AT SOUTHAMPTON ON SEPTEMBER 19: THE DRACOME—A FLEXIBLE TOWED TRAILER FOR THE TRANSPORT OF FLUIDS LIGHTER THAN WATER.

Developed by the Government-sponsored National Research Development Corporation from an idea conceived at Cambridge University during the Suez crisis, the Dracone is 100 ft. long and is made of nylon and synthetic rubber. For the demonstration it carried 40 tons of paraffin, and proved to be very flexible and easily handled.



THE DRAOME BEING WOUND ON A REEL WHILE ITS CARGO OF PARAFFIN WAS BEING PUMPED OUT. THUS ROLLED UP, IT CAN BE EASILY STORED AND TRANSPORTED WHEN EMPTY.



"A DEVICE OF ALMOST FABULOUS PERFORMANCE" — AND A POWERFUL NEW AID FOR

H.M.S. *Victorious*, launched in 1939, began preliminary sea trials earlier this year after extensive modernisation which had lasted some seven years. One of the noticeable changes in the appearance of the ship, which is now equipped with all the modern British aids for naval flying, is the large, 27-ton radar aerial mounted on the superstructure. The aerial is the eye of a radar and electronic computer system which provides what is described as the best

shipborne air defence radar in the world, giving early warning of approaching enemy aircraft and greater accuracy and scope in the control of modern high-performance fighters than has been available ever before. The new radar aerial of *Victorious* is the first of its kind to be fitted in a warship. The semi-automatic electronic system collects and displays the information provided by the radar, making it possible to set at a glance the tactical

Drawn by our Special Artist,



THE NAVY: THE RADAR WARNING AND CONTROL SYSTEM INSTALLED IN H.M.S. *Victorious*.

situation in any section of the sky for miles around the ship. In May this year Admiral of the Fleet Lord Mountbatten described the new radar system as "a device of almost fabulous performance without which modern warships would be highly vulnerable to long-range attack from the air." The large radar aerial sends out a narrow pencil of beams which rotates, scanning the horizon in all directions. One of the beams provides the long-range

warning while the others make a co-ordinated scan of the various sections of the target area. A further advance in radar techniques became known in June, when some of the details of the new system known as "Airpass" (airborne interception radar and pilots' attack system) were announced. Besides the air defence system, *Victorious* is equipped with a new radar and computer for "talking down" aircraft safely on to the deck in all weathers.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HORROR'S HEAD.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I CANNOT remember, for a long time, so quiet an audience as that at the première of "Garden District," at the Arts Theatre Club, while—to mint a phrase—the long day's journey moved into night. Seasoned playgoers, cynical fellows, sat as ice-bound as the cocktail that the play's relentless old woman took regularly at five o'clock. In fact, they were—we were—no more than children being told a peculiarly horrifying story; without a doubt there would be nightmares in the nursery.

It is important that a dramatist should be able to tell a story, though this part of his task is sometimes despised. I had not expected that the American dramatist, Tennessee Williams, would prove himself to be so resolute a narrator. Always he has been a master of theatrical atmospherics, but here there is more than atmosphere: he is telling his horrific bedtime story with a rapt, lip-licking absorption.

It is not an especially edifying story. It might be more chilling if its climax were suggested instead of described in detail. But it does clutch at its listeners and pin them; and that, after all, is important. Throughout the Arts, we knew that scalps were lifting and water was trickling down the spine. Afterwards I noticed fewer attempts than usual to laugh the whole thing off with man-of-the-world scorn. We were not bluffing it out; we merely begged Nanny not to turn off the light.

The play, called "Suddenly One Summer," was the second—and much the longer—section of a programme under the general title of "Garden District." The first, and far quieter, play, a duologue called "Something Unspoken," seems to me, in recollection, to be almost as chilling as "Suddenly One Summer," but I will say no more of it here except to explain that Beryl Measor and Beatrix Lehmann appear as employer and employed, baffled cat, watchful mouse, in a home in the wealthy Garden District of New Orleans. I would have hated to live at 7, Edgewater Drive, even if it is supposed to be a good address. Miss Measor, a Daughter of the Barons of Runnymede, would have sent me heading furiously into the Gulf of Mexico. Still, the main business of the evening was the explicit horror-play which ended with Mr. Williams's own kind of Messenger Speech: a girl's description of a man's death when torn to pieces by a cannibal-crowd of starving children. I wished that the dramatist had hinted at that instead of embellishing his story, but when Tennessee Williams gets going he cannot stop. On his way to this scene, he must have terrified himself thoroughly, building up the atmosphere until a garden in New Orleans—impressively set by Stanley Moore—appears to us as menacing as some tangle of steaming swamp in the Everglades.

Put down in print, the plot of "Suddenly One Summer" would look ridiculous. In the theatre the dramatist does keep us listening to his choice of words, and keep us watching his theatrical manoeuvres. The play swirls us forward into its horrific story, sweeps us away on a full tide towards the rapids. The end is left cunningly indefinite. There we are, caught up for a moment against a boulder, while the doctor's voice is saying in our ears: "I think we ought at least to consider the possibility that the girl's story could be true."

The plot is based on some taradiddle about a dead man's will, his relentless mother, and the rapacious poor relatives. If only the girl, who is one of the relatives, can refrain from saying what she saw—what she swears she saw—on a blazing day last summer! There is talk of an asylum and brain surgery. No matter: it is (I repeat) useless to set out the story, and to blur the lines of a play that depends upon the atmospheric

of a woman, and Patricia Neal—who has the most agonised scream I have ever heard in a theatre—work on our nerves; and in the background there is always the figure, unseen but clearly imagined, of the abominable victim, Cousin Sebastian.

Just after seeing the play, I read Walter Kerr's view of Williams as a dramatist: "[His] theatrical sense is such that his juxtaposition of innocence and depravity sometimes takes on the sharp terror of a blood-drained face staring helplessly up at an uncontrollable fire, a fire that is burning down everything in sight." A good comment on "Garden District."

How many at the Arts, I wonder, remembered that cannibalism is not new to the modern theatre? I recalled how Dame Sybil Thorndike, in her brother's play, "The House of Jeffreys," managed—as I wrote once—to turn a publisher and ex-missionary, a descendant of Judge Jeffreys, into a kind of cannibal queen: this had a Theatre Royal Box-room relish in the excesses of its transpontine invention. James Agate wrote about it: "The skill and tact of the performance are to be gathered from the fact that we did not laugh at [Dame Sybil's] Georgina once, not even when she came back from the wine-cellars clutching a bottle of Amontillado with which to wash down Roberta." I can say, incidentally, that we did not laugh during Tennessee Williams's play. You will have gathered that.



"THE PLAY SWIRLS US FORWARD INTO ITS HORRIFIC STORY": "SUDDENLY ONE SUMMER"—THE SECOND OF THE TWO PLAYS IN TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'S "GARDEN DISTRICT" (ARTS THEATRE)—A SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) MRS. VENABLE (BEATRIX LEHMANN), MISS FOXHILL (MARGO JONES), SISTER FELICITY (GWEN NELSON), CATHERINE (PATRICIA NEAL), MRS. HOLLY (BERYL MEASOR) AND GEORGE HOLLY (PHILIP BOND).



"ARE WE ALL LIT?"—AUNTIE MAME (BEATRICE LILLIE; FOURTH FROM RIGHT) SERVES "FLAMING MAME" COCKTAILS TO SHOCK HER NEPHEW'S POTENTIAL IN-LAWS IN A SCENE FROM THE FINAL ACT OF "AUNTIE MAME," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

method of its narrative. Let me say merely that it is horrific but compelling, and that the American director (Herbert Machiz) has brought it to the stage with every aid Tennessee Williams could desire. Beatrix Lehmann, as a twisted red spider

phone switchboard, she can go off into her own prized clowning. Throughout, and especially in the two contrasted parties towards the end, she is (whatever her material) the accurate artist we have always admired, and there could be nothing deadlier than her straight glance at the dreadful young woman who has said, "I shan't breathe all night," and the reply, after an appropriate pause, "Yes; do that thing." Florence Desmond (in histrionic flaunt) and David Bird (of the plum-and-gravel voice) are other agreeable presences. But it is not really the play we had desired.

Sudden thought: What would Miss Lillie do if she were let loose in "Garden District"?

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

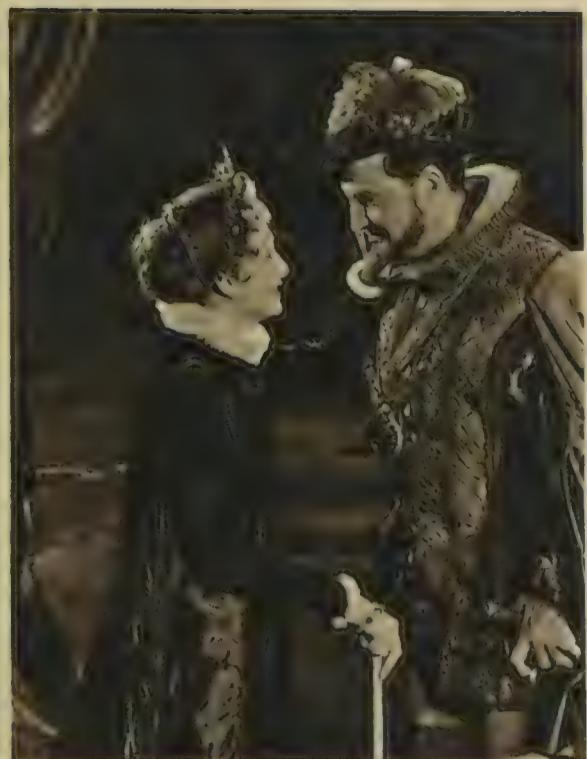
- "THE RUSSIAN" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A new play by Richard Thomas. (September 22.)
- "L'AMOUR ET SON DESTIN" (Coliseum).—A ballet by Serge Lifar in the De Cuevas Ballet season. (September 22.)
- "SUSANA AND JOSE" (Sadler's Wells).—Spanish dancers. (September 22.)
- "JEZEBEL" (Oxford Playhouse).—Early Anouilh play. (September 22.)
- "LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT" (Globe).—The Eugene O'Neill drama, with Gwen Frangcon-Davies and Anthony Quayle. (September 24.)
- "THE ELDER STATESMAN" (Cambridge).—Paul Rogers heads the cast of T. S. Eliot's play, from the Edinburgh Festival. (September 25.)

ENGLISH AND GERMAN:
LONDON PRODUCTIONS
OF SCHILLER'S
"MARIA STUART."

London theatregoers are to be given the opportunity of comparing an English and a German production of Friedrich Schiller's historical drama "Maria Stuart." After opening at Edinburgh, the Old Vic's production of "Mary Stuart" is now to be seen at their London theatre, where it continues daily until October 4, and is then included each week in the season's repertory. The well-known Düsseldorfer Schauspielhaus opens its one-week "German Play Season" at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on September 29 with its production of "Maria Stuart," which is to be given again on the following night. Founded in 1905, the Düsseldorfer Schauspielhaus is a private theatre, and its Director-General, Karl Heinz Stroux, is producing "Maria Stuart." Stephen Spender's new translation of "Maria Stuart" is used for the Old Vic presentation, which is directed by Peter Wood. The costumes and the décor are by Leslie Hurry. The production is marked by the superb acting of Irene Worth and Catherine Lacey as the two Queens, whose conflict Schiller has so powerfully moulded into a play.



IN SERIOUS AND IN PLAYFUL MOOD: ELIZABETH (CATHERINE LACEY) WITH LEICESTER (JOHN PHILLIPS) IN THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION OF "MARY STUART"—(ABOVE) A SERIOUS MOMENT AS LORD BURLEIGH (KENNETH MACKINTOSH) LOOKS ON, AND (ABOVE RIGHT) A SMILE AND A FRIENDLY WORD BETWEEN THE QUEEN AND HER FAVOURITE.



GIVING A MEMORABLE PERFORMANCE AS THE UNFORTUNATE IMPRISONED QUEEN OF SCOTLAND: IRENE WORTH AS MARY STUART IN THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION.



UNHISTORICAL BUT IMMENSELY MOVING THEATRICALLY: QUEEN ELIZABETH AND MARY STUART IN THE FAMOUS CONFRONTATION SCENE AT FOTHERINGAY.



A TRULY REGAL FIGURE IN A MAGNIFICENT COSTUME: CATHERINE LACEY AS QUEEN ELIZABETH, WHOSE CHARACTER SHE PORTRAYS AS BEING BOTH QUEENLY AND WOMANLY.



ELIZABETH AND HER ADVISERS IN A SCENE FROM THE DÜSSELDORFER SCHAUSPIELHAUS PRODUCTION OF "MARIA STUART": (L. TO R.) LORD BURLEIGH (RUDOLF THERKATZ), THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY (PETER ESSER), THE QUEEN (MARIA WIMMER) AND LEICESTER (KLAUSJURGEN WUSOW, BUT TO BE PLAYED IN LONDON BY KARL MARIA SCHLEY). (Photograph by Liselotte Strelow.)



MARIA STUART (HEIDEMARIE HATHEYER) WITH SIR AMIAS PAULET, GOVERNOR OF FOTHERINGAY (ARTHUR MENTZ), IN A SCENE FROM THE GERMAN PRODUCTION AT THE SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

WANDERING ELEPHANT HAWK MOTH.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is probably no more than coincidence, and not because they are particularly plentiful this year, that I have had presented to me an unusual number of caterpillars of the elephant hawk moth. Eggs are laid in June on the leaves of willow herb and the caterpillars hatching from them feed, chiefly at night, during July and August. In early September they start to leave their food-plant to seek a place to pupate, and it is then they become conspicuous. The fully-grown caterpillar is nearly 3 ins. long and about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, a drab brown in colour, with a slight hooked "tail" towards the rear end of the body. But more conspicuous are three pairs of eye-spots on the front end of the body, the second and third pairs looking particularly like real eyes. When disturbed the caterpillar withdraws the head, and the rings bearing the eye-spots become slightly swollen. This, it is claimed, tends to scare its enemies because of the snake-like appearance thus presented.

If, indeed, the eye-spots do function in this way, then it would seem that this particular caterpillar is being protected in an altogether extravagant manner, since it rests during the day well down among the foliage of the willow herb and feeds mainly at night, when insectivorous birds are asleep. On the other hand, it starts to ascend the plant in the late afternoon and early evening, and presumably this is the vulnerable period. Certainly, careful tests with the eye-spots on the wings of moths and butterflies have shown that they do constitute a deterrent. Anything resembling an eye, especially when suddenly presented, as when the elephant caterpillar suddenly contracts and blows itself up, does tend to scare birds confronted with it at close quarters. I have always been a little sceptical about this alleged "snake-like appearance," so I was interested to find that one lady, responsible for sending one of the caterpillars to me, wanted to have it identified because she said it looked so snake-like that she wondered whether it might be harmful to her small children playing in the garden where it was found.



ON WILLOW HERB, ITS FOOD-PLANT : AN ELEPHANT HAWK CATERPILLAR ABOUT TO PROTRUDE ITS HEAD. THE CATERPILLARS FEED CHIEFLY AT NIGHT.

The moth itself may be nearly 3 ins. across the spread wings and is mainly pink, with a certain amount of olive-brown and prominent black patches at the bases of the wings. Such beauty would seem to be somewhat wasted, since the moth does not fly until dusk, but as its habit then is to hover over the pinkish blossoms of honeysuckle, there may be some value in it. I must admit I have never seen one on the wing, and I am encouraged to think this is not to my discredit on reading that the best plan for obtaining fine specimens is to rear them from the eggs or the caterpillars.

Hawk moths must be fairly commonplace to those who collect them. There are sixty species throughout the Northern Hemisphere, and ten of these are truly native to Britain and seven others visit us sporadically. They are among the larger moths and are no doubt plentiful in due season and in the right places. For most of us a hawk moth on the wing, except for the hummingbird hawk moth that flies by day and makes no



SHOWING ITS "EYES": A CATERPILLAR OF THE ELEPHANT HAWK MOTH. WHEN DISTURBED IT WITHDRAWS THE FRONT PART OF ITS BODY AND INFLATES ITSELF, MAKING THE EYE-LIKE MARKINGS MORE PROMINENT AND, IT IS SAID, DETERRING AN ENEMY BY ITS RESEMBLANCE TO A SNAKE.

attempt at concealment, is a rarity. This is partly because they are mainly night-flyers, and partly perhaps because of the speed at which they can fly. Some are said to fly at 33 miles per hour. Indeed, it is this swift flight that has earned the name of hawk moths.

The name of the particular moth in question is also very appropriate. This is readily evident when one allows the caterpillar to cling to one's finger. It extends the front part of the body until it is slender and tapering, and waves it in the air so that it looks like an elephant's trunk in miniature. The illusion is helped by the ringed nature of the body. It is easy to visualise the value of this. The upper parts of the insect's food-plant are slender and give readily to pressure. The caterpillar must be able to cling tenaciously while searching for the softer parts of the leaves into which to set the jaws. Because the upper parts of the plant are pliable they will be swayed by the wind, making it doubly necessary for the caterpillar to be able to cling, and while doing so search the foliage around.

When man needed to make tubing that combined maximum flexibility with strength, he hit upon the idea of what may be called the ringed tube. We see this in the breathing tube of an oxygen mask, but, such is the irony of our civilisation, more people have had personal experience of it in using a gas-mask. In both of these there is the need for the greatest freedom of movement with the greatest dependability. Man's invention was anticipated in the animal world by

something like 600,000,000 years. We see it not only in caterpillars, but in the common or garden earthworm. The body is constructed of a series of hollow segments, each having the contour of a double arch, and separated from its neighbours externally by a groove. This structure can more vividly be seen in the body of the elephant hawk moth caterpillar, and the value of it is shown in the ease with which it can expand and contract, can twist and turn, and also in the way it can fall from a height without sustaining injury. All these serve it well in the manner of life to which it is born. But this segmentation, so widespread in the animal kingdom, probably arose from entirely different causes, in which event the combination of flexibility and strength has become an important secondary effect.

In its clinging, the caterpillar makes use of what can be best described as eight pairs of pincers. Just behind the head are the usual three pairs of legs, characteristic and, indeed, diagnostic of insects as a class. Each of these legs is a pale horn colour, crescentic and sharp-pointed. The two legs of each pair leave the body close together. As the fore-part of the body is lifted from its support the three pairs of legs automatically open, or appear to do so automatically. The moment any one of them touches something solid it closes, the action being like the opening and closing of the jaws of a pair of pincers, and admirably suited to taking a grip on slender stems or the edges of soft leaves.

Behind the last of these legs comes a gap, and this is followed by four pairs of fleshy abdominal legs, then a smaller gap and another even stouter pair at the rear of the body. Although these have not so obviously the form of pincers, they nevertheless grip with a pincer action and even more firmly than the front three pairs. In brief, then, the caterpillar is an efficient piece of reinforced tubing moving on eight pairs of effective pincers and specialised for moving among delicate foliage.

When we say that a particular living structure is specialised we imply that it is apt to be of little use except for the one thing for which it has been specialised, and, in doing so, we tend to mislead ourselves. The legs of the caterpillar are specialised for clinging to the slender parts of plants, but that does not prevent them from being used for walking



THE ELEPHANT HAWK CATERPILLAR WITH ITS FRONT END EXTENDED AND MOVING IN A MANNER RECALLING AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

overland. One I watched on its migration over the ground, travelling many yards over low grass, in search of a place to pupate, moved at a speed that suggested its unusual legs were no impediment to this kind of progression. One of the specimens brought to me recently was placed on a stem of its food-plant, standing in a glass-jar on the top of a wooden chest. It showed no interest in the plant and repeatedly dropped from it to wander to various parts of the room. Neither the pile of the carpet nor the polished top of the chest, which was apparently as smooth as a mirror, offered any obstacle to it.

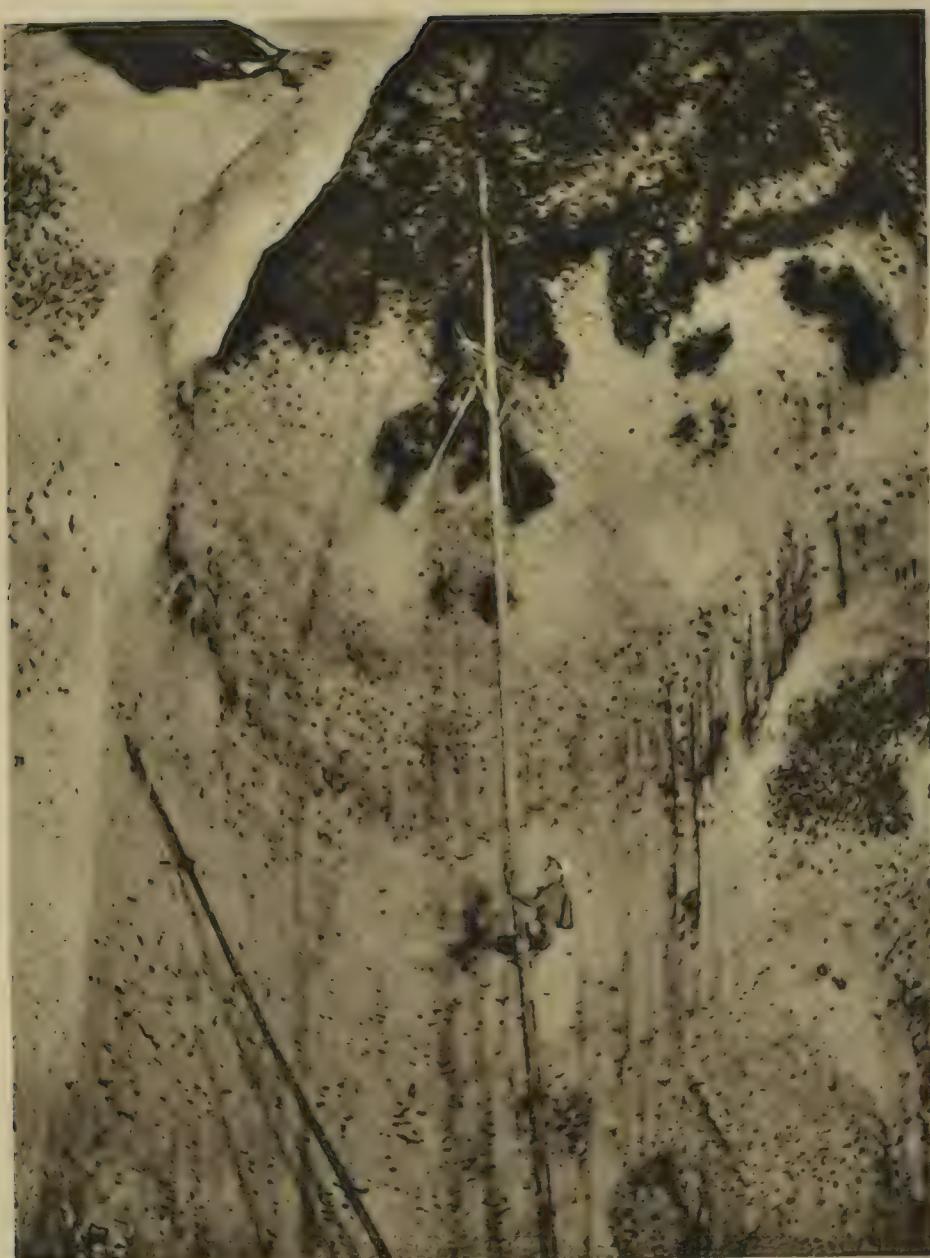


OH, WHAT A SUPERCILIOUS VIEW OF THE WORLD'S TROUBLES! "ABOVE IT ALL": AN R.P.S. EXHIBIT BY MR. GRANT M. HAIST.

This is one of 231 monochrome prints which are being shown at the Royal Photographic Society's Autumn Pictorial Exhibition which is being held between September 18 and October 25 at 16, Prince's Gate, London, S.W.7. Afterwards, between November 8 and November 30, the exhibits will be shown in the Museum and Art Gallery, Wardwick, Derby. During next January they will be moved to the Art Gallery, Harrogate. As well as the monochrome

prints, the exhibition contains sections of monochrome transparencies, colour prints and colour transparencies. There is also a fascinating stereoscopic section containing prints and transparencies in both monochrome and colour. The R.P.S. is a world-wide society. This year, for instance, the exhibitors have sent in landscape studies of places as widely removed as Westmorland, Marrakesh, San Francisco, the Tatra Mountains and the Belgian Congo.

WHERE BIRD'S NESTING IS "BIG BUSINESS": IN A SARAWAK CAVE.



IN SEARCH OF EDIBLE BIRD'S NESTS: A SARAWAK COLLECTOR SEEN CLIMBING THE FLIMSY AND SWAYING "PERMANENT POLE" LEADING TO THE ROOF OF THE NIAH CAVE, IN SARAWAK.



AT THE SUMMIT OF THE CRAZY STRUCTURE, THE COLLECTOR MANIPULATES AN 18-FT. POLE WHICH HAS A CANDLE ON THE END AND A HOOK TO REMOVE THE GLUTINOUS NESTS.



COLLECTING EDIBLE BIRD'S NESTS IS A HEREDITARY RIGHT—AND SKILL; AND HERE THE COLLECTOR POISED ON A 200-FT. POLE WIELDS HIS HOOKED ROD.



BATS AND SWIFLETS AMONG THE NESTS OF THE LATTER IN THE CAVE'S ROOF. THE NIAH CAVE IS INHABITED BY SOME 3,000,000 SWIFLETS.

THE photographs on this page and that facing it were taken by Mr. Hugh Gibb, whose television film called "Bird's Nest Soup" won the premier prize for its class at the Cannes Festival; and the scene of them is the huge Niah Cave, in Sarawak. There are several enormous limestone caves in northern Borneo and the Niah Cave is the largest of them with a floor space of 26 acres, an immensely high ceiling and an entrance of which the size may be gauged from the photograph on the opposite page. It is the home of over 3,000,000 swiftlets, thousands of bats and many large locustids, nearly all of which are exploited by the local natives. It is the swiftlets, however, who produce that especially prized Chinese delicacy, the edible bird's nest, which fetches very high prices in China and Malaya. During 1952 bird's nest exports from North Borneo earned £25,000.

A FAMOUS SOURCE OF "BIRD'S NEST SOUP": THE NIAH CAVE.



(Above.)
THE HOME OF 3,000,000 SWIFLETS WHOSE GELATINOUS NESTS ARE CHINA'S MOST-PRIZED DELICACY. THE VAST ENTRANCE OF THE GREAT NIAH CAVE. CENTRE, THE TINY FIGURE OF A MAN GIVES THE SCALE.

THE Niah Cave, where these photographs were taken by Mr. Hugh Gibb, was the subject of an interesting paper read by Lord Medway to the British Association on Sept. 3. Besides being "big business" for the Sarawak families who exploit the nest collection—it is a hereditary right—the cave has proved a storehouse of knowledge to geologists and archaeologists, and provides evidence of an unbroken succession of occupations since the Upper Palaeolithic. Bird's nest collection takes place twice a year, after the young birds have left the nest, in order to conserve the swiftlet population.

(Right.)
THE FLIMSY CLIMBING POLES IN THE NIAH CAVE. FROM THESE STRUCTURES THE COLLECTORS PRECARIOUSLY PURSUE THEIR HEREDITARY PROFESSION.



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

TWO of this week's novels are heralded by an exceptional, an international beat of drums. One of them French into the bargain, and a Prix Goncourt winner. Very clinical and accomplished; very disagreeable. "The Law," by Roger Vaillant (Cape; 15s.), professes to anatomise the dead little port of Manacore, in Southern Italy, and re-create it with the lid off. In all its workings; and including everyone, from the prisoners in the court-house and the unemployed round the square to the obsolescent feudal giant out on the marsh. This can be done because the theatre is dead ground—really a pocket of extinction. There is no wind in Manacore. There are no jobs. While lechery is endemic and brutal, love-making is difficult and romance out of the question. Because nobody can be private; there is not a door for lovers to shut behind them, nor a spot of country without eyes. And the watchers are at once goatish and puritanical; that is the done thing. It is also the cruel thing, and as far as Manacore has any life, it survives on cruelty: on the joy of smelling people out, seeing them downed, seeing them writhe in torment. Hence its favourite game, The Law, which is not really a game, but a psychological "death of the thousand cuts." The chance "winner" of a round has the right to insult, excruciate and flay any loser, over a carafe of wine, while the butt has to be dumb and motionless. It is a public spectacle, and one would think the audience were best off; but to players, the anguish of enduring the law seems worth while for the sweet hope of imposing it.

Since here at least they may get a turn. Outside there are no turns, yet the game continues; it is Reality in Manacore. Two people, indeed, aspire to play something else—the romantic love-game, glimpsed in French novels; but what a fiasco! And if it could have come off, Donna Lucrezia would still have imposed the law; Francesco was already having nightmares about her. An elect few, like Don Cesare the seigneur and Matteo Briganti the racketeer, impose it always, or nearly always; others, like Don Cesare's "confidential man," are inevitably flayed. And there are a few "winners" in embryo; Pippo the boy-bandit, and especially Marietta, the youngest of the seigneur's slave-women. She is seventeen, he seventy-four, and he has not reached her yet....

The anatomy is a brilliant performance; and funny sometimes. Whereas The Law sounds a bore; for nothing ever comes out, everything is known already, it is all malice. And to be frank, I thought the novel itself slightly boring, strangely like dead ground. And Don Cesare is sentimentalised; that's a fact.

OTHER FICTION.

"A Death in the Family," by James Agee (Gollancz; 16s.), is a posthumous and unrevised work, with long, disjunct, semi-lyrical parentheses and other experimental features. On the writer's early and sudden death, American editors put it together somehow, and went on to call it "a near-perfect work of art." Which seems nonsense *a priori*, and pretty damning when one has read the book. For it has no shape; formally it is both inchoate and pretentious, and I shouldn't have known that it was finished. (In fact, I still don't agree.) Even the best parts are apt to be terribly protracted. Left to oneself, one would allow for a rough draft, and regret a work of such promise and sensibility. But if it was never to be different....

Still, one can insist on taking it as a draft: an impressive and large fragment. The time is about forty years ago, and there is no story—only the event in the title. Jay Follett is summoned needlessly to his father's "death-bed," and killed on the way home. And all the rest is family atmosphere: the effect of the news on his wife, his little boy, his wife's family, and their feelings for one another. And they are good feelings—scrupulous and tender, things sad with the frustration of life. This moral delicacy is the great virtue of the piece: a delicacy nourished on realism, sometimes overstrained, but never thinly refined.

"The Abiding City," by Ursula Bloom (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), is a small romance about a religious vocation. Anna has always been homesick for somewhere else. At school, she wanted her home in Norfolk and her father the carpenter. But now the family is divided, and her father changed. (This is the best part.) She finds a soul-mate in Alan, the village doctor, but he is twice her age and married already. Her own marriage turns into a succession of Edward's poppies to America in the war, and there they take root. Finally, she sees the light, and settles down in the cloister.... Modestly fluent and sincere.

"Gideon's Month," by J. J. Marric (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is what it says: a month in the life of Commander George Gideon, of the C.I.D. We observe him in every rôle: supervising from the office, out on the job, and at lunch with his wife Kate. And keeping up a variety of investigations like a Chinese juggler. He is a man of heart; he is also professionally convincing, and nice reading. And the police get nearly everyone, which is as it should be.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE LAW, THE JUNGLE AND THE MODERN SLAVE.

WHEN even so distinguished a barrister as Mr. Gerald Abrahams tells me that he is "concerned in expounding the principles governing the operation of English Law; and in showing how these principles apply in practice," I marvel that so vast a theme can be packed into 247 pages. But on reconsideration, it is not Mr. Abrahams himself, but his publishers who make this somewhat extravagant claim on his behalf. The author of "According to the Evidence" (Cassell; 21s.) is more modest. He believes "that there is value in a book such as this, which purports to show how the artisans of the law, labouring at their benches, contemplate spectacular criminal trials." There

certainly is. It will arouse much interest and many arguments. I myself am not sure that Mr. Abrahams does not make out too good a case for English Law, placing it on a pedestal by comparison with the practice of foreign courts. No doubt it deserves that particular pedestal, but there is always a danger in using such a comparison to obscure points which, on objective inspection, seem to deserve criticism. Not that Mr. Abrahams is uncritical. His verdict on the West case is particularly striking, and offers a good example of the lucidity of his style: "The entire matter shows that English justice is pedantic enough to entail intellect, and unpedantic enough to involve more than intellect. So stupidity in judgment affords no certainty of justice: nor does the presence of intellect on the Bench offer a safe guarantee." He admits, too, that "the Kenyatta case can never be regarded as satisfactory... justice may, or may not, have been done." As examples of "occasional oppressions," Mr. Abrahams quotes the three classic cases of Beck, Slater and Steinie Morrison. In connection with the first, he quite rightly points out: "Injustices inflicted by the court can be occasioned in England by the judge's inability to see a point, rather than by any antagonism to the prisoner." I found his account of the second less telling than that published by Mr. Edgar Lustgarten, and I was much surprised to find that the possibility of Slater's guilt is raised, even in a footnote. Most readers who are interested in these topics will turn at once to Mr. Abrahams' handling of the Evans-Christie trials, which are still being debated with such acrimony. He gives an unimpassioned and, to me, convincing defence of the conduct of the trial and of the jury's verdict in the Evans case. For the more philosophical reader, the earlier chapters may hold more appeal. Indeed, it would be difficult to follow some of the arguments used throughout the book if one had not read the first chapter on "Truth and Proof," with its succinct vindication of circumstantial evidence, which "helps, yet can mislead. But, on the whole, it does not mislead, because circumstantial evidence is the material of commonsense inductions which are a normal guide to, though not a guarantee of, truth." The whole book constitutes a new method of handling causes célèbres for the ordinary reader, one which he will find not less absorbing than what Mr. Abrahams describes somewhere in these pages as "vitriol and violet."

Since I have already once in this column fired my shot at a publisher's "blurb," and confess that I have not scrupled in the past to loose off quite often at these sitting birds, let me make amends by quoting from that which accompanies "The Hunt for Kimathi," by Ian Henderson with Philip Goodhart (Hamish Hamilton; 21s.): "The man who led the hunt for Kimathi was Senior Superintendent Ian-Henderson.... He was the only white man who could thread his way through the thickets of the forest, as well as the thickets of the terrorist mind." That is exactly it. This is an account of a highly dangerous game of specialised mental chess. It was played against the Mau Mau leader, Dedan Kimathi, who was nicknamed "Njangu" (rough and treacherous), when barely out of the toddling stage. When he took to the forest, his powers of adaptation were horrible: "In this cruel reversion to an animal existence, Kimathi outstripped all the others. As he learnt more about the forest, he forgot more about civilisation. He chewed skins and bones like a hyena; his eyes flicked about like those of a nervous monkey; he would only drink water as a buck or goat drinks, by lowering his head to it; he never washed, and his lice-ridden hair grew down his shoulders until him to use as a swat for horse-flies."

The world is a depressing place these days, and my last two books this week will do little to make it less so. Berhard Roeder is a German who spent five years in Russian slave-labour camps. His "Katorga, an Aspect of Modern Slavery" (Heinemann; 21s.), is a narrative of his experiences there. It is written in a curiously impersonal, minor key which shows how deeply Mr. Roeder himself absorbed the Russian mentality with which he was brought into contact. A most impressive book.

The other book is written from the reverse point of view, that of a German Army doctor caught with von Paulus's forces surrounded at Stalingrad, and attending, as best he could, to his sick and wounded when they were all alike prisoners-of-war. Hans Dibold's "Doctor at Stalingrad" (Hutchinson; 16s.) is sad but wholly unindictive and unmalicious.

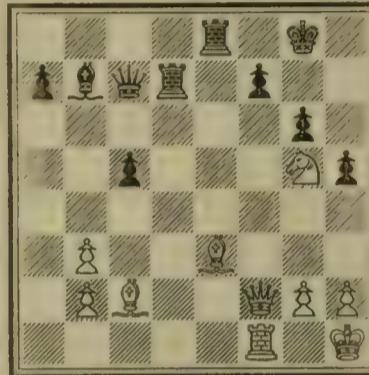
E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

Each diagram this week introduces a neat finish from among the 198 games played in the Open Championship at Whitby.

P. GUILLAUME (France), Black.



F. J. PEREZ (Spain), White.

With a bishop and a knight for a rook and extra pawn, White has no material advantage to speak of. His queen's side pawns are weak and if his pieces are well placed, well, so are Black's. The temptation to grab the QBP must have been great.

Perez revealed afterwards that he spent some time considering 1. B x BP. One variation is particularly seductive: 1. ... B-R3; 2. R-R1, R-K7; 3. R-K1, R x Q; 4. R-K8ch, K-Kt2; 5. B-B8 ch and Black is mated.

But this is far, far too fanciful.

1. ... R-Q4; 2. B-K3, R x B! 3. Q x R, Q x B; 4. Q-K8ch, K-Kt2; 5. Q x Pch, K-R3; 6. P-R4 also wins for White. But in our own first line of play 3. ... R x Rch (instead of 3. ... R x Q) bursts the bubble.

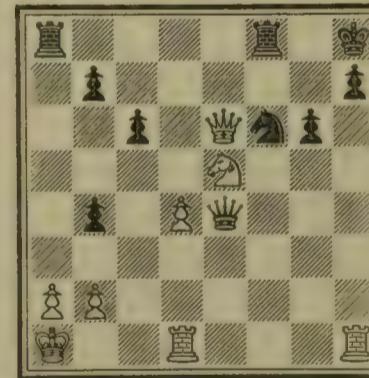
1. P-QKt4! R(Q2)-K2

2. B-Kt3 R x B

Black, short of time on his clock, had only time to verify that 2. ... P-B5 (for which, with his last move, he had intended to reserve the option) would fail against 3. B-Q4, followed by Q-B6.

3. B x Pch and Black was soon mated.

A. J. G. BUTCHER (Wolverhampton), Black.



J. W. NAYLOR (Liverpool), White.

Naylor continued very cleverly:

1. Kt-B7ch K-Kt2

2. R x Pch! K-Kt1

For if 2. ... Kt x R then 3. Q x Q and if 2. ... K x R then 3. Kt-Kt5ch and 4. Kt x Q. An added merit of this combination was that Naylor had barely five minutes left on his clock for his last, and his next four, moves. (Butcher had even less!) 3. Q x Kt Resigns.

it was long enough for

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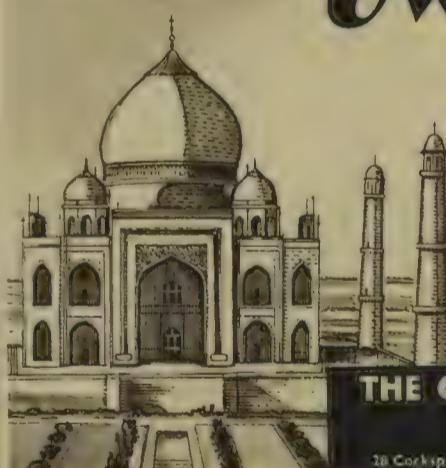
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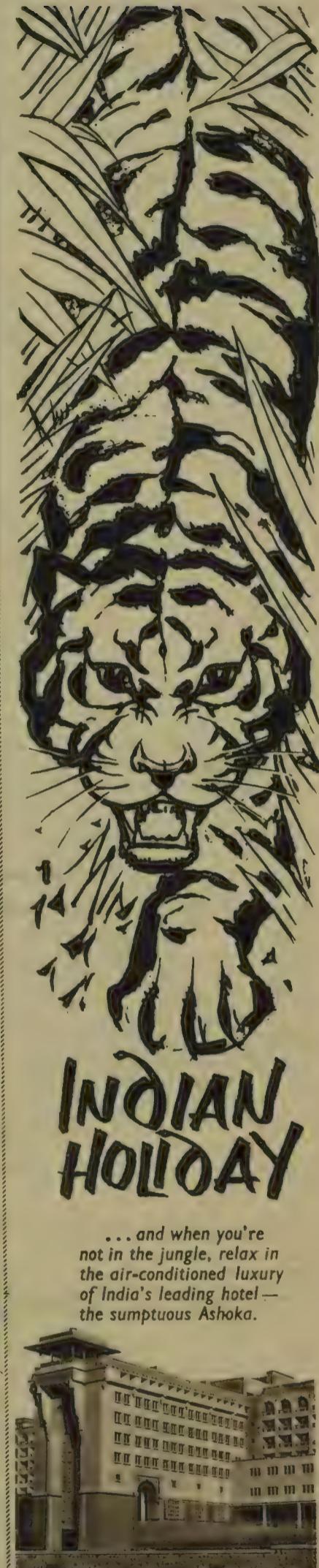
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PIECES FOR COLLECTORS.

FIVE sales of outstanding interest are announced for the autumn season. The first is of seven Impressionist paintings from the collection of the late Jakob Goldschmidt. These—three by Manet, one by Van Gogh, one by Renoir and two by Cézanne—are all major works. Sotheby's are breaking precedent by offering them by themselves at 9.30 p.m. on October 15.

A great deal has appeared in print during recent months concerning the remarkable collection of clocks and watches gathered together by the late Courtney Ilbert, and there appeared to be some possibility of the collection as a whole being acquired for the nation. This idea has now been abandoned and its more fervent supporters are blaming the Treasury for stony-heartedness. Others—including the writer of this note—venture to believe that the nation will be well advised to bid for half a dozen pieces and allow the rest of the world a chance with the fascinating remainder. The first section—nearly 300 items—will be sold at Christie's on November 6 and 7, the 2000 watches early in 1959.

The late Dyson Perrins, who died early this year at the age of ninety-three, had wide interests as a collector. Forty-four MSS. and five printed books from his collection will be sold at Sotheby's on December 2. The Marquess of Sligo has sent a group of interesting family documents to Christie's, which come up on October 6. The collection of Old Master drawings formed in the 18th century by John Skippe and now belonging to Mr. Edward Holland-Martin (the catalogue by Mr. Popham is eagerly awaited), will be sold by Christie's on November 20 and 21.

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The greater danger

Across the hot sky of Central America, sulphurous smoke drifts ceaselessly from Izalco's lava lips, and at night the clouds glow red from her fiery breath. The ground trembles. Shutters rattle. The bead-eyed salamanders jerk and scatter on the ceiling. Tomorrow will see new cracks in the patio, wider gaps in the wall. A few dead, maybe. Many, if *el temblor* has been very bad, making the night brazen with fear and frenzy.

Many. Twenty? Fifty? A hundred—and world headlines? Yet between 1948 and 1954 *seven thousand* died from malaria *each year* in Guatemala alone. The death and incapacitation caused by the ravages of this disease resulted in an estimated loss in agricultural production of some \$100,000,000 a year. And this terrible story has been told in many tongues, for wherever there is malaria, there is no greater danger to man: no greater hindrance to progress and development: no more vicious killer.

Against this danger, eradication schemes such as the great 7-year campaign in Guatemala, which was commenced in 1955, are mankind's greatest hope. Conducted in conjunction with similar campaigns in neighbouring countries, this plan allows for five yearly sprayings of 290,000 houses, followed by a two-year surveillance period. The target: *Anopheles albimanus*, *A. pseudopunctipennis* and *A. vestitipennis*. The aim: complete eradication of malaria, with resultant vast economic benefits to the entire country. The weapon of destruction: dieldrin, developed by Shell. *And dieldrin alone.* Few insecticides are more lethal to disease-carrying insects, none more persistent in effect. To the deadly, delicate-winged *Anopheles*, dieldrin itself spells death. And a promise to mankind everywhere.

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